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SELECTED POETRY.

The following exceedingly clever lines are attributed to the facile pen of Halleck. They appear under the head of original poetry in the New York Mirror.

LINES TO THE SEA SERPENT.

Dark riddle of the ocean! who shall solve
The secret of thy nature? Who declare
Thy age and habits? Who the charm dissolve
That wraps thy mystic being, and lay bare
The springs that move thy mechanism strange,
And aid thee in thy element to range?

Hast thou a partner, rover of the deep,
A soother of thy weariness and woes,
A calmer of thy furious rage, when sweep
New Bedford sloops to break thy proud repose,
And thy uprising stirs to strife and sin,
The dark and stalwart fishermen of Lynn?

Hast thou a grotto in the briny wave,
To hide thy billion feet of burnished tail;
A submarine retreat, a roomy cave,
Lit up with carbuncles and crystals hale?
Take my advice—within its depths abide,
Nor trust thy person to the upper tide!

Why lov'st thou pertinaciously to haunt,
The seas that girt this rocky promontory,
In the vernacular yclept Nahant—
Scene fraught with danger and with fearful glory?
Here hast thou foes; yea Holman's proud hotel
Has those, great snake, who do not wish thee well!

Who meditate thy ruin and captivity,
A degradation worse, oh, worse than death:
Who'd palsy all thy vigor and activity,
And seize thy greatness, not bereft of breath;
Who would confine thee in a narrow space,
And there *exhibit* thee! oh, what disgrace!

Then do not be rash! What would thy wife,
Thy little ones endure, if that should be;
If thou shouldst be a prisoner for life,
Nor move the mighty monarch of the sea?
'O what a *coil* my masters!' should they find
The giant snake by pigmy men confined!

All thy marine rebellious *foes* would waken,
Rival leviathans would wag their tails,
There'd be huge joy among the sprawling krakens,
And a *blow out* among the mighty whales;
There'd be an awful submarine commotion,
A war of the succession in the ocean.

Your present ministry would be turned out—
E'en now your subjects clamor for reform,
From Otaheite to the rabble rout
Of islands in the Indian Ocean warm;
But who'd succeed them Neptune only knows,
Or when your kingdom would enjoy repose.

The dolphin never will get into place,
He's too much of a turncoat to succeed;
The shark, I fear, would every post disgrace,
Save the attorney general's indeed;
And if the faction of reform prevails,
Who'll give an office to the Prince of Whales?

And who will be rewarded with the pearls,
A perquisite that every body sighs for?
Who'll wed the loveliest of ocean girls,
The mermaid, whom the heir apparent dies for?
Who will command the horsemarines and eels,
And who will be lord keeper of the *seals*?

Oh, mighty snake! avoid this wild misrule,
By keeping snugly in your own dominion:
In your own element you are no fool—
Forsake it and you will become men's minion,
Your wanderings past let dark oblivion blot 'em,
And sink with expedition to the bottom.

Pay but one farewell visit to the shore—
Take my advice as kindly as 'tis meant;
And for my sole reward, (I ask no more,)
Just let me hint, I hope you will present
To me, in one last visit to the rocks,
The freedom of the ocean in a box.

[From the Herald]

MR. H.—DEAR SIR—As in the last Saturday's Gazette there are two or three *errata*, which mar my meaning, in report of a comparison between first and second love, I respectfully ask you to insert the following 'Corrected Proof' of that portion of your humble servant's improvisation. I do not expect that the lovers of romance, whether light blue or deep *read*, will agree with me, but I can't help that. I am sure every young and pretty widow will, and that is a gratifying consolation to one who, though he has a heart 'to be let—alone,' yet like the shades of heroes in the Elysian fields, can still delight in the shadowy enactment of the bright realities of the dead and buried past.

Oh! for the days when beauty bright
My watch chain wove,
And kept my gloves and stockings tight,
And all for love!

FIRST AND SECOND LOVE;
FROM AN IMPROVISATION
By John C. Mossie.

First Love's an egotist, whose cherished hope
Is to absorb another's heart and soul
Into its being, and annihilate
For aye its individuality!—
But Second Love is of more humble spirit,
And seeks a partner to share bliss and wo,
With whom united it may face the storms
Of fortune, and the malice of the world.
First Love knows not its own extent or power;
But Second Love is perfect in self-knowledge.
First Love demands and makes great sacrifices;
But Second Love—philosophy uniting
With warm affection—Christian charity
With mild forbearance,—neither asks nor seeks
Too much of erring, passionate, wavering man—
Or gentle, jealous, changeful, loving woman!

SELECTED TALES.

[From the London New Monthly for August.]

THE BRIDE OF LINDORF.

BY L. E. L.

Midnight is a wonderful thing in a large city—an midnight was upon Vienna. The shops were closed the windows darkened, and the streets deserted—strange that where so much of life was gathered together there could be such deep repose; yet nothing equals the stillness of a great town at night. Perhaps it is the contrast afforded by memory that makes this appear yet more profound. In the lone valley, and in the green forest, there is quiet even at noon—quiet, at least, broken by sounds belonging alike to day and night. The singing of the bee and the bird, or the voice of the herdsman carolling some old song of the hills—these may be hushed; but there is still the rustle of the leaves the wind murmuring in the long grass, and the low perpetual whisper of the pine. But in the town—the brick and mortar have no voices of their own. Nature is silent—her soft, sweet harmonies are hushed in the great human tumult—man, and man only, is heard.—Through many hours of the twenty-four, the ocean of existence rolls on with a sound like thunder—a thousand voices speak at once. The wheels pass and repass over the stone—music, laughter, anger, the words of courtesy and of business, mingle together—the history of a day is the history of all time. The annals of life but repeat themselves. Vain hopes, vainer fears, feverish pleasure, passionate sorrow, crime, despair, and death—these make up the eternal records of Time's dark chronicle. But this hurried life has its pause—once in the twenty-four come a few hours of rest and silence.

Vienna was now still as the grave whose darkness hung over a few lamps swung dimly to and fro, and a few dark shadows—which the crimes of men make needful. The weary watchers of the night paced with slow and noiseless steps the gloomy streets. God knows that many of those hushed and darkened homes might have many a scene of waking care within—many a pillow might be but a place of unrest for the aching head—still the outward seeming of all was repose.

One house, and one only, obeyed not the general law. It was a magnificent hotel in the largest square and was obviously the scene of a splendid fete. Light and music streamed from the windows, the court-yard was filled with equipages, and a noisy crowd—part servants, part spectators—thronged the gates. Within, all was pomp and gaiety. The Countess Von Hermanstadt was unrivalled in her fetes. She knew how to give them—a knowledge very few possess. The generality labor under the delusion, that when they have lighted and filled their rooms, they have done their all. They never were more in error. Lighting is much—crowding is much also—but there lacks 'something more exquisite still.' This something the countess possessed in its perfection. Any can assemble a crowd, but few can make it mingle. But Madame Von Hermanstadt had a skill which a diplomatist might have studied.—She saw—she heard everything; she knew who would and who would not understand each other; she caught at a glance the best position for one lady's velvets, and for the diamonds of another; she never interrupted those who were engaged—she never neglected those who were not; she took care that great people should be amused, and little people astonished. Moreover, she had an object in whatever she did—hence the incentive of interest was added to the pride of art.

The ball of to-night was given in honor of Pauline Von Lindorf, her niece, who had just left the convent of St Therese; her education, as it is called, completed—that education which is but begun. How many cares—how much sorrow will it take to give the stern and bitter education of actual life! Pauline had just finished a waltz, having pleaded fatigue sooner than might have been expected from a foot so light—a form so fairy-like. She wore a robe of white satin, trimmed with swansdown; large pearls looped back the folds, and a band of diamonds scarcely restrained the bright hair that fell over her neck and shoulders in a thousand natural ringlets. It was of that rare rich golden so seldom seen—almost transparent, like rain with the sunbeams shining through it. At the first glance, that slight and graceful girl—with the rose on her cheek a little flushed by exercise, her glittering curls falling round her, golden as those of Hope—might have seemed the very ideal of youth and pleasure; so much for the first glance, and how few go beyond! But whoso had looked closer would have seen that the soft red on the cheek was feverish; and there was that tremulous motion of the lip which bespeaks a heart ill at ease. At first she was looking down, and the long shadow of the curled eyelash rested on the rounded cheek; but there was something in the expression of the eyes, when raised, that caught even the most careless passer-by. They were large—unusually large—and of that violet blue which so rarely outlasts the age of childhood, while they wore that wild and melancholy look whose shadows have a character of fate;—they are omens of the heart.

It was growing late, and a furtive gaze of the young baroness wandered more and more frequent round the rooms, and each time sought the ground with a deeper shade of disappointment. The Countess Von Hermanstadt observed the look, and her own haughty brow curved with a scarcely perceptible frown. It was smoothed away instantly; and passing with a bland smile through the assembled groups, she left the ball-room.

The upper part of the magnificent house was in darkness, but in one window burned a still and lonely lamp. It lighted a small chamber sufficiently removed from the scene of the festival to be quite undisturbed by its tumult, though a distant sound of music floated in, ever and anon, at the open window. The chamber was pannelled with old carved oak, and the arches thus formed were filled with books. Books, too, of all sizes, were piled on the ground, and papers and writing materials covered a table in the middle. There were also some pictures; a sombre landscape of Salvator Rosa—just a desolate rock, grey and barren, standing out amid old dark trees, where many a branch was bare with the lightning's fiery visiting. Beneath them stood a single figure—pale, bareheaded, with long black hair that had not yet lost the motion of the wind. He looked what he was—an outlaw; the blood which he had shed, yet warm upon his hand, and his foot yet quivering with its flight for life or death. Near this was a dark, grave portrait by Velasquez; one of those faces whereon time has written the lesson of the prophet king—'All is vanity and vexation of spirit.' Others were scattered round, but all more or less of a sombre character, and marking the taste of their possessor. He was a young man of some twenty-two years of age. The richness of part of his costume ill suited the apparently studious recluse; but the task of dressing had been hastily suspended. He had flung a loose robe of sable around him, and leaned back in a large arm chair, thinking of any thing but the festival for which he had begun to prepare. His eye sometimes dwelt on an old history of chivalry, whose silver clasps lay open before him—sometimes on the last sparks of the fire that was dying away on the hearth, but oftener on a copy of a well known Italian picture, the portrait of Beatrice Cenci.

'Yes,' said he, half aloud, 'a few links bring all life before us; here is adventure—excitement—the toil and the triumph of the body. I wish I had been born in those stirring times—life spent half on horseback, half at the banquet board—when you had but to look round the tournament, fix on the brightest smile, and then win your lady with your sword. Action—action in the sunshine—passion—but little feeling, and less thought; such was meant to be our existence. But we refine—we sadden and we subdue—we call up the hidden and evil spirits of the inner world—we wake from their dark repose those who will madden us. The heart is like the wood on yonder flickering hearth; green and fresh, haunted by a thousand sweet odors, bathed in the warm air, and gladdened by the summer sunshine—so grew it at first upon its native soil. But nature submitteth to art, and man has appointed for it another destiny; it is gathered, and cast into the fire. It seems, then, as if its life had but just begun. A new spirit has crept into the kindled veins—a brilliant light dances around it—it is bright—it is beautiful—and it is consumed! What remains? A warmth on the atmosphere soon passing away, and a heap of blackened ashes! What more will remain of the heart?'

At this moment a burst of sudden flame sprung up from the mouldering embers, and fell with singular effect on the wan and lovely likeness of Beatrice Cenci. 'Why does that face haunt me?' exclaimed the youth. 'Why, when others younger and brighter are near, does it glide between them and me like a shadow? I remember finding it as a child in the old deserted gallery. I loved it then, I know not why—save that it brought to my memory a face I fancy watched my sleep when I was a little child. I recollect a large, dark room—a bed whose gloomy curtains were drawn aside—and some one bent over me and kissed me. I put my arms around her neck, and went to sleep, for I had been afraid. She came every night then; but my memory is faint and confused—I can recall nothing more. How beautiful is that picture, with its clear, colorless cheek—with the imperial brow, and the large black eyes filled with melancholy tenderness! Holy Madonna, what a destiny was hers! A childhood whose sweetest affections were crushed! I can fancy the little pale trembler crouching beneath her angry father's fierce eyes; and at last, as if those soft eyes grew desperate gazing on their slain, who shall say what madness of despair led to the fearful crime—avenging one yet more fearful? Why do I keep it here? It makes me sad—too sad!' And he turned aside, and leant his head upon his hand.

Ernest, for such was the young student's name, was singularly handsome; but it was the heart and the mind that gave their own nameless charm. The heart sent the flushed crimson to the cheek—the mind lighted up the clear white forehead, around which darkened the blackest hair; that deep black hair whose comparisons are all so gloomy, the poet likens it to midnight—to the shadow of the grave—to the tempest—to the raven's wing. Brought from the south, our cold climes just serve to deaden the passionate temperament which it indicates with the despondency and the reverie of our sad and misty skies. All women would have called him interesting—the woman who loved him would have called him beautiful. Had the word fascinating never been used before, it would have been invented for him. Like all of his susceptible organization, Ernest was very variable; sometimes the life of society, with every second word an epigram; at others, grave and absorbed—no stimulus, no flattery could rouse him to animation. His intimates, his very few intimate friends, said that nothing could exceed his eloquence in graver converse; carried away by his feelings, how could he help being eloquent? He was made of all nature's most dangerous ingredients; he thought deeply—he felt acutely; and for such this world has neither resting place nor contentment.

The door of Ernest's chamber suddenly opened, and its threshold was crossed by a step that certainly had never crossed it before. Stately and slow, as usual, the Countess Von Hermanstadt just raised her robe with an air of utter disdain, as she swept by the heavy folios that lay scattered on the ground.

'What! not dressed yet, Ernest?—Certainly the Count Von Hermanstadt is well employed, sitting there like a moonstruck dreamer. Pray, am I to have the honor of a poet, or a painter, or,'—added she, pointing sneeringly to a volume of planetary signs that lay open at her feet—'or even an astrologer, as my son?'

Ernest colored, and rose hastily from his seat. 'I do so hate,' said he, 'those crowds where no one cares for the other, where'——

'No one,' interrupted the Countess, 'can be so great a simpleton as yourself. Who, in a crowd or elsewhere, will care about one whom they never see? What friends will you ever make in this little, miserable room? The Archduke Charles has twice inquired after you. I managed as well as I could; but I really have something else to do to-night than just to make excuses for you.'

'Ah! my mother, you cannot think how unfitted I am for the mock gaiety of to-night. Let me stay where I am.'

'Nonsense! Why, there has been your pretty cousin waiting, till I forbade it, to dance with you. I left her waltzing with Prince Louis.'

'The less need of me.'

'Nay, my dear child!' said his mother, in those caressing tones she well knew how to assume, 'think what a slight it will be to our guests if you do not appear; and so many old friends of our house among them. I want assistance. Come, Ernest, would you be the only son in Vienna who would refuse his mother the slight favor of appearing at a ball which is given to introduce him to old friends, whom she at least loves and values?'

Ernest rose hastily and silently from his seat. 'I will be there almost as soon as yourself,' exclaimed he; and indeed the Countess had hardly resumed her place at the upper end of the room, before she saw her son enter, and noted with delight, hidden under an air of proud humility, his graceful and high-born bearing. 'He is odd, reserved, and studious,' thought she; 'but I shall make something of him yet.'

But one eye, and one ear, was yet quicker than her own. Pauline was the first to see her cousin enter.—She hastily turned aside, and began to be very much interested in some Bengal roses that stood beside her; but her sigh was as soft, and almost as low, as their own, and her blush was still richer and deeper. Ernest came up and asked her to dance. Her eyes were downcast, and he thought she took his arm coldly; but more than one bystander remarked how different was the animation with which the young Baroness Von Lindorf waltzed with her cousin, to that with which she had danced with the handsome Prince Louis.

At length the ball ended, as all balls do—but it had answered the Countess's purpose. All Vienna talked of the approaching marriage of the beautiful heiress with Count Von Hermanstadt. Many of her young friends ventured on a little gentle raillery. Pauline blushed, smiled, sighed, and denied the charge, but was believed by none. The time soon came for her return to the Castle of Lindorf; but little of her life had been passed there. She had left it, when quite a child, for the convent, and of late she had spent much time with her aunt. Her father, a silent and reserved man, but doatingly fond of his child, came often to see her; and though Pauline could recollect nothing of the affectionate confidence which so often exists between father and daughter when left alone in the world, yet she was full of gratitude and tenderness. With the quick instinct of a loving heart, she saw that she was the Baron's first and only object—that her happiness, and even her girlish pleasures, were his constant care. There was something in his unbroken sadness, his habits of seclusion, and his gloomy deportment, that excited her youthful imagination, and gave a depth of anxious devotion to her filial attachment.

The paramount desire of the Baron seemed to be, that she should not find her home dull on returning to it. At his request the Countess Von Hermanstadt had collected together a gay young party, and the old castle was for some weeks to be a scene of perpetual festival. Pauline went thither accompanied by her aunt and cousin. She at least found the journey delightful.—Ernest, taken away from his books, animated by the fresh air and the rapid travelling, undisturbed by the presence of strangers, and anxious to please, now that he had no fear of either ridicule or coldness, was in high spirits. He drew their attention to every spot haunted by an association, and told its history as those tell who are steeped to the lip in poetry—rich in imagery, and bounding in anecdote, he flung around all of which he spoke his own warm and fanciful feeling. Pauline fixed upon him her large blue eyes, where tenderness struggled with delight; while in the interest excited by his various details, she forgot the sweet and inward consciousness that would have fixed her eyes on the ground, or anywhere rather than on her cousin's face. The Countess was delighted to see everything going on so prosperously, and already began to plan wedding fetes.

Night had fallen ere they approached the castle, the first view of which was singularly striking. The party had gradually sunk into silence, the road for miles had wound through a dense forest, with no other light than that flung over the road by the lamps of the carriage, and the torches which the out-riders carried before them, forming strange and fantastic outlines. The red light played over the drooping boughs of the forest trees; the flickering rays only illumined the outside, and all beyond was impenetrable obscurity; from the depths of that thick darkness came forth wild sighs and sounds; the mournful murmur of the pine leaves, the creaking of the branches as they swayed heavily in the wind; these, mingled with the hoarse cry of the night birds. Sometimes disturbed from his gloomy perch, the dusk wings of the owl flapped across the road, and his hooting disturbed the sad low music of the night; it was neither time nor place for gay converse; the whole party felt the subduing influence, and leant back in deep thought. Suddenly they cleared the wood, and the carriage paused for a moment that they might catch the first view of the castle of Lindorf, visible for miles around,—there it stood in the centre of a vast plain, on the summit of a high hill, with not a single rise to intercept, or a single object to distract the view.

It rose in bold relief against the deep blue sky, with the large round moon shining directly behind it; even at that distance you could mark the square towers and the idented battlement, while the mass of the building itself seemed immense. The sky, of that intense purple which marks a slight frost, was covered with floating clouds, and on the farther edge, sheltered in their shadow, were scattered a few pale stars; but the broad-way of heaven was flooded by moonlight; no longer shut out by the thick forest—her rays silvered whatever they touched, and the long grass of the plain looked like undulating water, so thickly did the crisped dew lie upon it, and so clearly did the moonshine glitter through the frosted moisture. Ernest gazed upon the dark and distant castle with an emotion for which he could not himself have accounted; he remembered it not—and yet it seemed strangely familiar. The moonlight clothed it like a garment, and the old towers shone like silver: but even while they gazed, the brightness was departing. One mass of vapor flowed in after another like the dark tide coming in upon the shore; a black ridge rose above the castle; it darkened—it widened—its edges grew luminous as they approached the moon;—gradually half her disk was hidden by them. 'Is it an omen?' asked Ernest of his own thoughts. Even as he asked the question, the black cloud swept over the moon, and entire darkness covered the whole scene. 'Drive on,' cried Ernest, impatiently; and the horses set off at full gallop, but even the exhilaration of rapid motion failed to drive away the weight that had fallen upon his heart. He could not divest himself of the idea that the castle was in some way connected with his destiny, and that such destiny was ill fated. When at length they arrived, and drove slowly up the steep ascent as the old gate creaked on its hinges to receive them, and they alighted in the hall of black carved oak, he felt a cold shudder come over him. Again he asked himself, 'Is it an omen?' and the voice of his inward spirit answered 'Yes!'

A fortnight passed away, and one fete succeeded to another. At first Pauline clung to her cousin's side—she wandered with him in the antique gardens, and would leave the dancers to gaze with him from the terrace which overlooked the vast plain below. Gradually she gave more and more into the pleasures around her; and the mornings were devoted to her young companions, and the evening saw her the gayest, as well as the loveliest of the assembled circle. This was a relief to Ernest—it left him more at liberty to indulge his own solitary pursuits, and to feed on the visionary melancholy, which was half thought—and half feeling. He was wrong, however, in the conclusion that he drew from the change in his cousin; he merely supposed that she was attracted by the amusements so natural to her age; he knew not that even that fair young brow had already learnt the bitter task of dissembling. He knew not that often did that bright young head lay down in weariness and sorrow on a pillow wet with frequent tears. Lovers only rightly represent love. Pauline saw that her cousin had only for her the calm and gentle tenderness of a brother; they had been brought up together, and there was nothing in the pretty and playful child, that had grown up beside him, to excite his imagination. But she—she loved him with all that poetry which is only to be found in a woman's first affection; it is the early color that the rose-bud opens to the south wind—the warmth that morning breathes upon a cloud whose blush reddens, but returns not. Pure, shy, sensitive, tender, and unreal; it is the most ethereal, yet most lasting feeling life can know. The influence of a woman's first love is felt on her whole after-existence;—never can she dream such dreams again. For a woman there is no second love—youth, hope, belief, are all given to her first attachment; if unrequited, the heart becomes its own Prometheus, creative, ideal, but with the vulture preying upon it for ever. If deceived, the whole poetry of life is gone; the very essence of poetry is belief, and how can she, whose sweet eager credulity has once learnt the bitter truth—that its reliance was in vain, how can she ever believe again?

Pauline learnt to know Ernest's heart by her own, and she felt the difference. Night after night she left the ball-room in all the false flutter of that excitement whose fever destroys the heart which it animates. But once in her own room, the color left her cheek, and the light, her eye; she flung herself down, with a burst of tears, long and painfully repressed, while she thought that Ernest had not entered the hall throughout the evening. He, in the meanwhile, saw her seemingly happy and amused—and gave more and more in to his pursuits; he would spend days in the old forest adjoining, till the midnight stars shone through the darkling branches like the eyes of a spirit, awakening all that was most ethereal in his nature. Hours too were past on the winding and lovely river—lost in those vague but impassioned reveries which fade, and for ever, amid the sterner realities of life. The dreaming boyhood prepares for adventurous man; we first fancy, then feel, and, at last, act and think. He delighted too, in rambling through the ancient castle—filled with the memory of other days; not a face in the picture gallery but he conjured up its history, and he loved to assign to each some one of the spacious chambers for the site of their adventures. Many of the rooms in the left wing were all but deserted, and one afternoon, while wandering carelessly along, he found his way into a chamber that had apparently not been opened for years; he was struck with the beauty of some richly wrought oak panels. While leaning against one of them he chanced to touch a hidden spring; the panel flew open—and discovered a narrow flight of winding stairs. To kindle a phosphorus match, to light a small wax taper, was the work of a moment; and he began to descend the staircase; childishly eager to discover something—he did not much care what, so long as it was a discovery. It wound to a much greater distance than he had supposed, and, at last, ended at a sort of low arch—the door of which was heavily barred inside. With great difficulty he succeeded in unfastening it; at last it yielded to his efforts, and he opened it. It opened inwards—and even then, though he perceived the open air, he could scarcely make his way through the matted ivy, and the thickly grown shrubs that extended beyond. The moment he arrived beyond their shade he found himself in a portion of the castle grounds which he had never seen before; it was a lovely little garden of small extent, girdled in by lofty walls and tall trees—but a fairy land in miniature as far as it extended. The hues of autumn were now upon the boughs—but the evergreens shone with untiring verdure; and various late flowers appeared in that gorgeous coloring which belongs to the last season of earth's fertility. He wound through a narrow path of green and purple,—for the carefully trained grapes hung in arches overhead, with fruit as rich as those of the eastern garden discovered by Aladdin.—Ernest was enchanted with his discovery, and hurried on, when his attention was caught by the sound of singing; it was a female voice of the most touching sweetness. The words were inarticulate, but the air, an old German melody, was exquisitely marked. Ernest followed whither the voice led—he passed amid some laurel trees, and a scene like a picture presented itself to his astonished gaze; it was a bright open grass plot—a very rendezvous for every stray sunbeam,—and in the middle glittered and danced a little fountain which threw up its silvery jets in the air, and then fell over large shells, stones, and ragged pieces of granite, which formed a sort of basin; a number of creeping plants were around it, and one or two lilies grew as if carved in ivory. Seated on one of the huge stones scattered around, singing a low sweet air, or rather humming it, for the words were inaudible, was a female figure. Ernest could see only a very pretty back—an exquisitely shaped head bending forward, and a profusion of black hair hanging down in plaits—the ends somewhat fancifully fastened with a scarlet flower.

Ernest felt that he was an intruder, but he did—as all other young men would have done—remain rooted to the spot. He knew the melody that she was singing to the music of the plashing fountain; he had not heard it for years, but now it came freshly back to his memory haunted with a thousand vague fancies; suddenly the low sweet singing ceased; the maiden rose hastily from her seat, and, turning round, showed the exact likeness of his favorite picture—the Beatrice Cenci. There was not the peculiar head-gear—for the hair was simply parted back; but every thing else was exact in resemblance. There was the same low white forehead, the same black arched eyebrow, the same Grecian outline of face, the same small and scornful lip. She looked towards him, and there were the same large, dark, and melancholy eyes. Surprise made Ernest both speechless and motionless—not so the lovely stranger; she bounded towards him with something between the spring of the startled fawn, and the confidence of an eager child.

'I knew some one would come at last to free me from my weary captivity,' exclaimed she, in one of those thrilling voices which have a magic beyond even their music; 'you are not a prisoner, too?' asked she, seeing the bewildered expression of Ernest's countenance.

'A prisoner! No,' said he, too much astonished to know what he was saying, and taking one of the small and delicate hands which were extended so imploringly towards him.

'You will save me—help me, will you not?' asked the girl; 'they have kept me here many years, and I long to go into the beautiful world that lies beyond these high walls. I sometimes wish I were a bird, and then I would spread my wings on the free air, and fly away, and be so happy. But you will take me with you, will you not?' whispered she, looking up in his face with the sweet and impatient look of a pleading child. 'You look very kind—I may trust you, may I not?'

'With my life I will answer to that trust,' cried young Hermanstadt; 'but who are you,—who keeps you here?'

'My uncle, the Baron Von Lindorf,' muttered she, in a low frightened voice. 'They tell me that there is a castle, and vassals, and gold, that should be mine, and that is why he keeps me here. He is very cruel!'

'Good God!' cried Ernest, 'come this moment with me—and in his usurped place—before his own guests—I will force him to do you right.'

'No, no,' replied the captive, her lip whitening, and the pupils of her large eyes dilating with sudden terror. 'You do not know how cruel he is, and how strong.—Let us only get beyond these high walls. How did you get in?'

'I found, by chance, a long concealed passage.'

'And you can come again? Ah! now I shall not mind being a prisoner. You will come and talk to me—and not tell me to be quiet, like old Clotilde, or frown upon me like Heinrich?'

'You shall not stay here—come with me this moment. I will protect you from them all!'

'No,' replied the captive, 'not now; you do not know my uncle's power—he would kill us both; we must escape without his knowing it. Do you think you can manage it in a few days?'

'Certainly! but the sooner the better.'

'What is your name?' interrupted the prisoner.

'Ernest Von Hermanstadt.'

'They call me Minna. I used to have another name, but it is so long ago that I have forgotten it; I have grown so much since I was here. I could not reach those flowers when I came here first;—my pretty flowers, and my singing fountain—I shall be sorry to leave you! You never scold Minna; but it is a brave world yonder—you will take me into it, Ernest?' asked she; and again those sweet eyes were raised beseechingly to his.

'Come with me now—I will pledge my life for your safety.'

'No, come to-morrow—can you—without being seen? To-morrow morning, when those clouds are reddening, and the waters of the fountain are rosy with their shadows? I always come here, I love the fresh air of the morning.'

At this moment a shrill voice in the distance was heard calling—'Minna, Minna.' Ernest would have pressed forward, when the maiden caught his arm, trembling from head to foot. 'Go, go,' whispered she, then, clasping her little hands with an air of passionate entreaty, she added: 'I expect you to-morrow at sunrise;' and before he could answer, she had darted away. Once she looked back, but it was to wave her hand in token that he should depart. Ernest lingered for a moment, and then hurried back to the hidden passage; he carefully effaced all traces of his progress—and drew the ivy after him when he entered the arched door, that he barred; and then hurriedly sought his own chamber, which he left no more that night. This was an act of too frequent occurrence, on his part, to excite the least surprise; and the supposed student was left undisturbed—for, for him, there was as little study as rest.—That sweet face floated before his eyes, that low melodious voice haunted his ear—and the name of Minna lingered upon his lip. 'Now,' thought he, 'I understand the cause of my uncle's gloom and abstraction; no marvel that he has no heart for gaiety with such a crime pressing upon it. I faintly remember hearing that his brother had fallen in some campaign that they had fought together;—doubtless, with his last breath he commended his orphan girl to one bound in blood to protect her. How has that dying trust been violated; how has that child been oppressed! Made a prisoner—debarred all the social enjoyments of her age—deprived of rank and birthright—immured in solitude and ignorance. Great God! can such cruelty exist among the creatures thou hast made? but retribution, sooner or later, overtakes the guilty. Poor Pauline! how will her gentle and affectionate nature be grieved to hear this thing of the father she idolises; it must be kept from her. Wealth what a subtle tempter thou art! Even my uncle—the man I deemed so noble, so generous, so full of high feeling and knightly qualities—even he has for thy sake played traitor to the dead, and broken every sacred tie of duty and affection! I will think no more of it.' This resolve was easily executed; for the image of Minna excluded every other thought. Her beauty, her grace, her childishness had captivated Ernest's imagination; fate, too, had set her stamp upon the fiery passion to which he abandoned himself. 'How strangely,' muttered he to himself, as, thrown in the deep window-seat, he gazed out upon the silent night—'are the links knitted together, which time unravels! The picture my boyhood discovered, and which so haunted my youth, has it not now fulfilled its mission? The chance likeness has led to the predestined result. I feel it,—Minna has been predestined to be my bride. Fate, in filling my heart with her face, from the earliest years kept it free from all those passing fancies which would have detracted from the intense devotion of my present love. How wonderfully have we met! Minna—sweet Minna, life owes you much happiness; will it not be my delicious task to pay the debt!'

The night passed in one long, but happy reverie; and the light sleep into which Ernest fell at last was soon broken by the anxiety, which visited even his dreams, to catch the first crimson break of morning. He started from his bed—and the dark clouds in the east were beginning to redden; he hurried to the deserted suite of rooms—down the winding staircase, and in a few moments found himself again in the little garden. Cautiously he entered the vine covered alley, and paused for a moment amid the thick shelter of the laurels; with a glance he drank in the beauty of the scene: the feeling of the paintater and the poet—and Ernest had the imagination of both, overpowered, during an instant, the feeling of the lover. Huge bodies of vapor—a storm in each—were hurrying over a sky, dashed alike with the hues of the tempest and the morning; some of the vapors were of inky blackness, others spread like a scroll of royal purple; some undulated with the light struggling through, others were of transparent whiteness; but those upon the east were of a deep crimson—and the round, red sun had just mounted above an enormous old cedar. Red hues were cast upon everything; even the lillies blushed, and the waters of the little fountain were like melted rubies: on the same stone which she had occupied the previous day sat Minna, but her head was now turned towards the spot where she had last seen Ernest. A movement amid the boughs caught her quick ear; she started from her seat upon the granite, and Ernest was at her feet. Shy, silent, with her long eyelashes drooping upon her flushed cheek; there was a sweet consciousness about her—even more fascinating than her yesterday's childish confidence. Ernest led her to her place, and knelt beside her; he had no words but those of love; he had a thousand plans for the future ready on his tongue; he could only speak of the present. 'Yes, Minna;—may I not call you so, though I am jealous of the very air bearing away the music of that name? I have loved you for years: not a feature in that beautiful face but has been long graven in my soul. I will show you your picture, sweet one, when you come home with me.—Will you come to my home?'

And the maiden smiled and said, 'I shall be so happy.'

But the words of lovers are a language apart; their melody is a fairy song departing with the one haunted hour; to repeat it is to make it commonplace—cold, yet we can all remember it. Enough, that everything was planned for flight. The following morning they were to meet again; and Minna was only to return to the castle of Lindorf as the bride of Ernest von Hermanstadt. None then could question his right to protect her. The clouds gathered overhead; a vast vapor like a shroud, but black as night, came sweeping over the sky; a fierce wind shook the branches of the mighty cedar, and the slighter shrubs were bowed to the very earth; a hollow sound came from among the boughs, and a few large drops of rain disturbed the fountain, whose waters were dark as if the sunshine had never rested there.

'You must go, sweet one; this is no weather for that slight form. To-morrow, at sunset—'

'Why cannot I give you this?' exclaimed Minna, holding up one of the tresses with its scarlet flower.

'You must,' cried Ernest, kissing the plait of the black hair, which was soft and glossy as the neck of the raven.

'I have nothing,' said she sadly, 'that I can cut it with.'

Ernest took from his pocket a little Turkish dagger—and with that Minna severed the glossy tress.

'I must go now,' said she, 'they will seek me if I stay out in the rain.'

Ernest pressed her tenderly to his heart, and they parted. He caught the last wave of the flowers in her hair—the last sound of her fairy foot, and turned mournfully away. All that day he was occupied in preparations for his departure; he rode over to the castle of Krainberg, which belonged to a fellow student, whom he found on the point of departure. The young Baron, delighted with the romance, of which, however, he understood little more than that his grave and quiet friend was actually engaged in an elopement—agreed to remain to witness the marriage. He was also to have his chapel prepared, a priest in readiness, and then to leave his castle as a temporary residence for the bride and bridegroom. His mother had left Lindorf—or he would have trusted his secret with her, and intreated her countenance. In his own mind, Ernest was not sorry that her absence rendered this impossible; he liked the excitement, the strangeness, the adventure of his present plan, and his mother's calm and worldly temper would have interposed a thousand delays, and have arranged every thing in the most proper and commonplace manner.

He was early at their rendezvous, the fountain, but early as he was, Minna was there before him; she approached him in a hurried and agitated manner, her slight frame trembled with emotion, her large eyes glanced from side to side like those of the frightened deer—and he could feel every pulse beating in the little feverish hand, which he kissed.

'Let us go at once,' whispered she, 'they will soon come to seek me.' Ernest needed no urging to speed; he led, or almost carried her, down the vine alley, and they reached the dark portal without molestation.—Minna drew back, terrified at the gloomy passage—but Ernest's caresses reassured her, and she ran up the winding stairs; in a short time they reached the little chamber, which was his study, and that gained, they were in comparative safety. Here they waited a short time, partly to give the lovely fugitive time to compose herself—partly, that it might be dusk before they attempted to leave the castle; that however, was matter of no difficulty. A staircase led direct from Ernest's chamber to the garden—and he had the key of a small wicket which led to the woods around; once there, and [illegible]. Minna sat down in the old oak chair, which was Ernest's usual place. With what delight did he contemplate her charming figure bending over the table, and examining his favorite volumes with a curiosity which even fear and timidity could not quite dispel! What a delicious vagary did the enthusiastic young student draw from her apparent interest! How many happy hours would they pass together over those very volumes! but there was little time even for the most delightful anticipation of the future. The dinner hour of the castle had now arrived—and every creature was busily engaged. Now then was the time to leave it. Carefully wrapping up his precious charge in his cloak he led her to the little gate, where his servant was in waiting. Placing her before him, he sprung upon his horse, a strong and stately black steed, and a few moments more saw them galloping rapidly along the road that led to Krainberg castle. They needed to make all possible haste, for the storm, which had been gathering all day, now threatened to burst over their heads: their way lay through a thick wood—and the elements had already commenced their strife. The creaking of the huge pine branches, mixed with the hurried sweeping of the leaves, of which many a shower every now and then whirled from the earth—from the gathered heaps of autumn, or came down in hundreds from overhead. The birds, disturbed from their usual rest flew around, beating the air with their troubled wings, and uttering shrill cries; the thunder rolled along in the distance, and a few large drops of rain fell heavily upon the ground; there was an unnatural heat in the air, and gleams of phosphoric light streamed along the burthened sky. But Ernest heeded not the storm; he only feared for the sweet burthen that rested so trustingly in his arms—he only drank the perfumed breath of the warm lips so near his own; he only felt the beating of the heart, now and henceforth to be pillowed on his own; he only heard the low murmur of a voice which now and then whispered his name—as if that name were to her all of hope and safety. He spurred his horse to its utmost speed; the sparks flew from its hoof. He cut his way through the fresh wind, and felt as if the excitement of the impassioned moment were cheaply purchased, though his life were the ransom. They reached the castle of Krainberg before the storm burst forth in all its fury. The master was in waiting to receive them, and Ernest felt all a lover's pride as he marked the astonishment and admiration with which Von Krainberg gazed on the beautiful stranger. They led at once to the chapel; Ernest grudged himself the pleasure of even seeing her till he had a right to gaze upon her—till every look was at once homage and protection; he was impatient, in her strange and isolated situation, to call her his own—his wife. A close, damp air struck upon them as they entered the chapel; it had long been out of use, and the hastily lighted tapers burnt dim in the sepulchral atmosphere. The mouldering banners were stirred by the high wind, and the breathing was oppressed by the dust; many tombs were around, and the white effigies seemed like reluctant witnesses glaring upon the hopes of humanity, with cold and stony eyes. A monk, bowed with extreme age, pale, emaciated, and his white head tremulous with palsy, stood beside the altar—and his long, thin fingers trembled beneath the weight of the sacred volume. He began the ceremony, and his low tremulous voice could scarcely be heard through the moaning of the wind among the tombs.—The ground beneath their feet was hollow, and sent forth a hollow echo; the graves below had been once filled with dead, and now only a little dust remained in their vacant places: they had perished as it were a second time. There was a mournful contrast between the place of the bridal and the bride; there she stood in that radiant loveliness, which is heaven's rarest gift to earth. Her dress was of the simplest white, gathered at the waist by a belt of her own embroidery—ornament she had none. The daughter of the noble house of Von Lindorf wedded the heir of the as noble house of Von Hermanstadt, dressed as simply as a peasant.—Her hair hung down in its long plaits, like serpents—the scarlet flower at each end; a bright color flushed her cheek, and her eyes seemed filled with light.

The aged priest closed the holy book, and Ernest turned to salute the bride; but even he started back at the sudden clap of thunder that pealed through the chapel. The building shook beneath the crash, and a flood of lightning poured in at the windows, casting a death-like light on the stony faces of the white figures on the monuments;—it was but for a moment—and Ernest caught his trembling bride to his heart. She was pale with terror, for now the storm rushed forth in all its fury, and a sudden gust of wind and rain dashed against the painted window at the end of the chapel.—The repeated flashes threw a strange radiance around, and strange noises mingled together.

'It is an awful night,' said the young Baron of Krainberg, as he led the way to the hall, which, as they entered, was lit up with one livid blaze. Ernest supported the almost insensible form of his bride; he murmured a few caressing words—but even love, in all its strength, felt powerless before the war of the immortal elements.

The next morning but few traces of the tempests remained; the river that wound through the valley was somewhat swollen, and a few giant pines dashed down to the earth would never again cast their long shadows before them on a summer morning; but the sky was soft, clear, and blue, a few white clouds wandered past, light as down. The leaves glittered with the lingering rain drops, and a fresh sweet smell came from the herbage of the valley. Ernest was seated in a little breakfast parlor, looking to a terrace that commanded the country; he was seated at the feet of the bride, whose small fingers were entwined in his black hair. What a world of poetry seemed in the depths of her large shining eyes, which looked upon him so tenderly—so timidly; their dream, for it was a dream-like happiness, was broken in upon by the entrance of Ernest's servant, who asked to speak to his master. There was a something in the man's manner which commanded instant attention, and Von Hermanstadt followed him out of the room.

'Sir,' exclaimed the man, 'here is your letter to the Baron—he died suddenly last night. The lady Pauline is in a dreadful state, and the steward intreated that you would go up there at once.'

Ernest felt that this was a case which admitted of no delay. Saying a few hasty words about important business to Minna, reserving the death till he could have time to tell it soothingly, he flung himself upon his horse, and galloped to Lindorf. Though grave and solitary, both in manners and habits, the Baron had been much beloved by his domestics, and the voice of weeping was heard on every side. Ernest hurried to his uncle's chamber; there the daylight was excluded, and the ray of the yellow tapers fell dimly upon the green velvet bed where lay the last Baron of Lindorf. In him ended that noble house; with his arms folded, so as to press the ebon crucifix to his bosom—his head supported by a damask cushion, lay the Baron. Ernest paused for a moment, awe-struck by the calm beauty which reigned in the face of the dead; the features were stately and calm, the brow had lost the care-worn look it had worn in life, and peace breathed from every lineament of the sweet and hushed countenance. 'Can the dead,' thought Ernest, 'struck down with an unrepented crime—can the oppressor of the orphan look thus?'

He had not time for further reflection, for a convulsive motion on the other side of the bed showed him Pauline crouched in a heap at the foot of the corpse—her face buried in the silken counterpane. Her bright hair was knit up with pearls, and she still wore the robe of the previous evening; how terrible seemed its gay color now!

'We have not been able,' whispered an old grey-headed servant, 'to get her to speak or move.'

Ernest's heart melted with the tenderest pity. He took the passive hand, and covered it with tears and kisses. 'Pauline, dearest, look up,' said he, passing his arm round her, so as to raise her head. What his words could not effect, the movement did; she was roused from her stupor, and, giving one wild glance at the corpse, she leant her head on her cousin's shoulder, and burst into a passion of tears. Soothing her with the tenderest words he carried her to her chamber. 'At least,' said he to himself, as he left her, 'the memory of the father shall be saved.'

The old steward met him, and said—'There is a letter for you which master was writing at the time of his death. I know many circumstances which it is now of the last importance that you should know too. For God's sake, sir, go and read the letter, and I will be within your call.'

The old man led the way to his master's room. He looked round it piteously for a moment, and then hurried away, his face in his hands. Ernest had never been in the room before; and yet how full it seemed of the living presence of him who was no more! There was his cloak flung on the chair; there lay open books of which he and Ernest had recently been talking.—There, too, was a flask of medicine—alas! how unavailing!—and a goblet of water, half drunk. But one object more than all riveted Ernest's attention;—there was the picture of Beatrice Cenci. It was a portrait as large as life: his own seemed to have been a copy of it. How well he knew that striking and lovely face! He knew not why, but he gazed upon it with a sudden terror; the large black eyes seemed fixed mournfully upon his own. He turned away, and saw the letter on

the table addressed to himself. He seated himself, and began to read the contents; though the tears came in his eyes as he saw the handwriting of an uncle who, whatever his faults, had always been kind, very kind to himself. It ran thus:

'My beloved Ernest,—For dear to me as a child of my own is the boy who has grown up at my side,—I have long been desirous of communicating to you the contents of the following pages, but I have found it too painful to speak—I find that I must write. My confidence will not be misplaced, for I have noted in you a judgment beyond your years, and a delicacy which will estimate the trust reposed in you. My health is declining rapidly, and I would fain secure protection for my darling Pauline, and another as dear and more unfortunate. I have rejoiced to see that my sister's plan for a marriage between you and my daughter is not likely to take place. You do not love your cousin—you prefer the solitary study and the lonely ramble—so would not a lover. She, too, is amused in your absence. I hear her step and song among her companions, and you are not with them. It is for the best—you will be a safe and affectionate friend. I hope she will never marry.

'Alas!—On me and mine has rested a fearful curse! I married one, whose beauty let the picture now opposite to me attest, and her heart was even lovelier than her face. An Italian artist painted her as Beatrice Cenci: he said that the costume suited her so well. I have since thought it an omen that we should have chosen the semblance of one so ill-fated. For years we were most happy, but at last an unaccountable depression seized upon my wife. She became wayward and irritable. This led to the quarrel between your mother and ourselves. She knew not the fatal cause. After the birth of her third and last child, her malady took a darker turn. Ernest, it was melancholy madness, and incurable! In a paroxysm of despondency, she murdered the infant and died a few hours afterwards in a state of raving insanity!

'I will not dwell on my after-years of misery. I was roused by fear of the headstrong and violent temper of my eldest girl, Minna—I saw in it the seeds of her mother's malady. My terror was too well founded.—She was found one evening attempting to strangle her little sleeping sister, who was then six years old—Minna being just fourteen. A brain fever followed, and a report was spread of her death. Why should our family calamity be made the topic of idle curiosity? But, in reality, she has resided in this castle—her state requiring constant and often strict restraint. I have been scarcely ever absent from the castle; but, alas! my tenderness has answered but in part. With a caprice incidental to persons in her dreadful situation, she has taken an extreme dislike to me and fancies that I am her uncle, and imprison her to obtain her vast possessions of which she fancies herself the heiress.'

The fatal paper dropped from Ernest's hand. He remained pale, and breathless, the dew starting, and the veins swelled on his forehead. 'God of Heaven, have mercy upon me!—What have I done?' Again he caught up the letter, and, with a desperate effort read to the close.

'My faithful Heinrich and his sister Clotilde are the only depositories of this secret. While I live I shall devote myself to the care of my ill-starred Minna, who is the very image of her mother. When I die—and the shadow of death even now rests upon my way—I commend her to her God and to you. You will be to her and to Pauline as a brother. I know I can rely upon you.'

'Married to a maniac—a hopeless maniac!—What will my mother say?'—exclaimed Ernest, as he paced the room. The image of his beautiful bride rose before him; he felt as if his tenderness and his devotion must avail; he would watch her every look—anticipate her very thoughts. He started—it was the steward who had came into the room.

'I see,' said the old man, 'that you have read my master's letter. Alas! I have dreadful news to tell. The Baroness Minna has evaded all our precautions. She has escaped, I know not whither. I only trust it is alone.'

'Heinrich,' said Ernest, solemnly, 'I speak to you as the trusted and valued friend of my beloved uncle.—Minna is with me. I married her last night—deceived, alas! by a narrative which I ought never to have credited. I at least ought to have known my uncle too well to believe that he could be guilty of fraud or oppression. The rest of my life will be too little to atone for that moment's doubt. Old man, hear me swear to devote myself to his children!'

'God bless you!' sobbed the old man, as he clasped the hand which Ernest extended towards him.

Months passed away in unceasing watchfulness on the part of Ernest. With trembling hope he began to rely on Minna's complete recovery. Wild as she was at times, and her fondness for him had a strange character of fierceness; but his influence over her was unbounded, and her passion for music was a constant resource. By Heinrich's advice they left the castle, that no painful train of thought might be awakened; and they resided in a light cheerful villa, amid the suburbs of Vienna. Her husband found all the plans of mutual study in which the young student lover had so delighted, were in vain. It was impossible to fix her attention long on any thing. Companionship there was none between them, and she call on his attention was unceasing; but his affection became even deeper for its very fear, and it was hallowed by the feeling of how sacred it was as a duty. Gradually as he became more and more satisfied about Minna, he grew more anxious for Pauline. He saw her drooping day by day; her spirits became unequal, and her eyes were rarely without tears. Too late he discovered how she loved him. Her bodily weakness seemed to render her less capable of repressing her feelings. Her eye followed him, go where he would; she hung upon his least word, and she shrunk away from her sister. The proposed visit to his mother brought on such a passion of tears, that he had not the heart to insist upon it—especially when he looked upon her pale, sunken cheek, and watched her slow, dispirited step. Once or twice he saw Minna watching her with a wild, strange glance in her large black eyes, as if there was an intuitive feeling of jealousy.

It was now the first week in June, and the weather unusually hot; and there was thunder in the air, which added to the oppression. The moon, too, was at its full; and Minna, always restless at that time, was now unusually so. At last, towards evening, she sank on the window-seat in a deep slumber. Pauline was walking on the terrace below; and Ernest, who saw that she was scarcely equal to the fatigue, went down to give her his assistance. She took his arm, and they walked up and down together. At last she leant over the balustrade, and her eye filled with tears as she watched the moonlight turning the flowers to silver.

'I wish,' said she, 'I were a flower—happy in the sunshine—happy in the soft night air. No beating heart within, to make me wretched.' And she dropped her head on his arm and wept.

Before Ernest had time to utter even a few soothing words, a bright blade glittered in the moonlight, and Pauline sunk with a faint scream on the pavement.—Minna had stabbed her sister to the heart! There she stood; her cheek flushed with the deepest crimson, and her eyes flashing the wild light of insanity—waving the weapon she had so fatally used. It was the little Indian dagger Ernest had lent her to sever the long tress of hair. She had concealed it till this moment.

'Yes,' cried she, 'I have killed her at last. They thought I did not know her, but I did. She took away my father's heart from me, and would have taken away my husband's, but I have killed her at last.'

By this time the servants came rushing from all parts. At their appearance Minna seemed seized with some vague fear, and attempted to fly. Ernest had just time to pass his arms around her, though she struggled violently. They raised Pauline, but the last spark of life had fled—the pale and lovely features were set in death!

Minna lived on for years—her insanity taking, every succeeding year, a darker color. Ernest never left her side. Fierce or sullen, violent or desponding, he watched her through every mood. She wore herself away to a shadow, till it was a [illegible] frail form endured. For months before her death, she was almost ungovernable, and did not know him the least. She scarcely ever slept, but one night slumber overpowered her. The sun was shining brightly into the chamber, and its light fell upon the whitened hair and careworn features of her husband, who had been watching by her for hours. A sweet and meek expression was in her eyes when she woke.

'Ernest, dearest Ernest,' said she, in a soft, low whisper. She raised her head from the pillow, and, like a child, put up her mouth to kiss him. She sank back; her last breath had passed in that kiss!

He laid her in the same tomb with her father and sister; and the same day, the noble, the wealthy, and still [illegible] Count Von [illegible] entered the order of St Francis.

BANK DIVIDENDS. Worcester Bank, 3 per cent; Central Bank, 3 1-4 per cent; Citizens' Bank, at Worcester, a new bank; Quinsigamond Bank, 3 1-2 per cent; Millbury Bank, 3 per cent.

SALEM. The population of Salem, according to a census taken by authority of the City Government, is supposed to be 15,0[illegible], of whom 7000 are males and [illegible] females. The number of families is [illegible]. Children from 5 to 16 years of age 2970. Colored persons 2[illegible].

THOUGHTS, SCRAPS AND NEWS.

THE ACCOUNTABILITY OF REPRESENTATIVES TO THEIR CONSTITUENTS.—It is strange that the question which is now agitating the people of the [illegible] should not have been determined [illegible] by some decision which [illegible] pertinent and perplexing [illegible] which forms a portion [illegible] highest legislative body [illegible] rests upon the individual opinions of its members, or whether these members are to follow the directions and instructions of their constituents, in opposition to what they might conceive with their own judgment. It is an enquiry too, which has no particular political bearing—a decision upon its merits will not affect one party more than another, for good or ill, any further than the circumstances of the time might control the results of such a decision. But it is a matter, and an important matter, for the people to determine, and that quickly—for the time may come, when the most momentous and striking effects may depend upon it—when it may be the hinge, perhaps, upon which the interests of the people may hang.

The Southern Literary Messenger has given to its readers in its last numbers some papers upon this subject—the first being the acknowledged work of Judge Hopkinson.—This distinguished individual opposes the doctrine of obedience, and would throw all the responsibility of the acts of a Senator upon himself. The second paper is in answer to his reasoning, but is not so clear in its arguments as would be desirable. The Editor in admitting such a subject into his columns maintains the ground which we have already advanced, that it is not a question of party politics—that it bears upon the great interests of the whole mass of the people—and we agree with him, that it is a subject which demands the attention of all journals without distinction.

If the matter be taken up in a general manner, many conflicting arguments will be immediately suggested. It may be asked, Is a Senator to surrender his judgment and acknowledge himself to be a puppet in the hands of others? Where he feels that a course of conduct would be decidedly detrimental to the interests of the majority, must he, notwithstanding, pursue it, because his constituents, blind as he may consider them to their own good, desire it? Again, on the other side, the question will arise, Are a community to stake their political success upon the unbiassed judgment of a single individual? In any crisis, when much might depend upon the path he might pursue, would it be consistent and proper to stand in a harrassing uncertainty, doubtful in what manner their own Representation is to act?

Let us then confine the question as narrowly as possible—go back to the objects of representation, and so found on a proper basis arguments for the conduct and results of legislation. A Senator is placed in his situation—for what purpose? A Representative—for what purpose? The former is to represent in one branch of the high legislative body of the Union the interests of a particular State, as a member of the confederacy—the latter of the people residing within certain limits, as a part of the inhabitants of the nation. Why do particular States elect individuals for Senators and Representatives from among their own citizens? Why the rage of party warfare? Why the restrictions of the Constitution in regard to the choice of these delegates, if the individuals are to act on their own responsibility—be governed by personal predilections—actuated by private prejudices? Why a choice of this man or that man by the people? If the instructions of a State to its Senators are of no avail, Senators might as well be chosen by lot—honesty being the only requisite for a candidate.

It is no disgrace for a man in the situation of Senator and Representative to be bound by the will of his constituents. It is an honor that he is thought worthy to *represent* them—and the moment he discovers that his judgment cannot submit to a particular course, it is his DUTY TO RESIGN! The example has been set by Mr Tyler of Virginia—we honor him for the promptitude of his act—for his nobility of character, in yielding his place and distinction when he could not follow the wishes of those whose servant he was.

Parties may change—one now be uppermost—to-morrow another exalt in power—and resignations be thus frequent—so let it be. The danger to be apprehended from this evil is not so great as the fearful results of individual responsibility.

OBITUARY. Died on Tuesday last, Frederick P. Leverett, Esq., a gentleman who stood pre-eminent in our community, for scientific attainments, and practical usefulness. He had just completed a branch of a work of great labor, (a Latin dictionary) to the execution of which, and to other avocations, he devoted himself with such unceasing assiduity, that it may be with truth said, that it was done at the expense of health and even life itself. The loss of such a man is indeed a public calamity. But a few days since he had entered upon the highly responsible duties as Teacher of our Latin School, one of those rich fountains, whose streams have for ages, enlarged and enriched the world of mind. It is a source of deep regret, that a man of such distinguished worth, possessing the power and disposition to do so much for the benefit of mankind, should be doomed to find so early a grave; but it must be a consolation to his friends in their distress, to reflect, that while he has lived, he has lived so well.

THE NEW COURT HOUSE.—A writer in the Commercial Gazette has a very strong but just article in relation to the New Court House. He reasons very properly, that it is a poor time to think of economising when $200,000 have been expended upon the building—economising too, by destroying the only means by which this Court House can be made to look respectable. It has been decided that no avenue shall be made on the west side of the house, which no man will not consider poor economy. Without this avenue the building will remain without any exposure of the beauty it does possess, and as if crowded down in the midst of old buildings. We sincerely hope that the City Government do not intend now to economise—where economy will be so distasteful.

A German girl in New York, who had stolen some articles from a shop, was sent for by the lady who lost them, when she confessed the theft, but offered to restore them.—While the lady was absent a moment from the room, she stole several other valuable articles. She was caught and secured.

The Commercial Gazette states the case of the detection of a milkman who gave slight measure—every two quarts wanting a half pint. As the milkmen have risen in price, let a keen look-out be established, so that they give good measure.

MONEY. The demand for specie at the Western banks is very great, so that they have been compelled to call in a great deal of their money. In Cincinnati, the banks have paid out at the rate of $8000 a day.

The Boston Pearl has been received, filled as usual with rare and spicy articles. Pray and Weld are good fellows, every one of them.

CAUSE AND EFFECT. An Eastern paper says, 'Meetings of the friends of good order are nightly held at Baltimore, and the greatest excitement yet prevails.'

THE BOWERY MAN.—Hamblin seems determined to go ahead. He has already issued proposals to master carpenters.

CHOLERA! The report of cases in Charleston on the 28th, was 39, deaths 6. On the 29th, 28 cases, 4 deaths. 30th, 14 cases, 6 deaths. Oct 1st, 10 cases, 3 deaths. It will be seen from these returns that the disease was again abating.

There cannot be a more false and inconsistent saying than that of 'Matches are made in Heaven!' It is much more probable that they are made in the other place, as both ends are dipped in brimstone.

THE MASSACHUSETTS CHARITABLE MECHANIC ASSOCIATION celebrated Thursday their tenth Triennial Festival. The services were at the Odeon; among which was an address by J. L. Homer, Esq.

We have heard of travelling west, and travelling east; but never till now, heard that the East itself had gone a journey. It is at present in Baltimore. A paper just started in that city, is termed 'Eastern Express.'

The schooner William Henry of this port, for Richmond, sprung aleak on Friday last, at sea, and sank. Captain and crew saved.

An exchange says that 'the *White* party appear to be increasing in strength.' The *black* party have held a meeting in New York, and talk of reforming out Mr Recorder.

IMPORTANT! The New York Express says that 'wood is selling for seven dollars a cord at Methuen, Mass.'

They had a false alarm of fire in New York on Tuesday evening. It is supposed to be the work of an incendiary.

A negro slave at Darien, Geo. named Tom Scudder bought himself a wife for $700; but quarrelling a little, time after, he sold her for $750. The same fellow is perfectly able to purchase his freedom; but refuses to do it, and follows his trade of a shoemaker—daily paying to his master two dollars for his services.

'An inexhaustible mine' of bituminous coal has been found in Calhoun county, Illinois, ten miles from the Illinois River, and they talk of supplying St. Louis with the article at one cent the bushel.

An Irishman who, by the sweat of his brow, for many years at New Orleans, accumulated $1700, and had arrived in New York on his way home to the Green Isle, had every cent of it stolen from him in a house in which he had incautiously slept.

MILITARY.—The regiment of Light Infantry and battalion of Artillery of the First Brigade and First Division, will assemble for Inspection and Review, in Brighton, on Tuesday the 11th inst. and be reviewed by His Excellency the Governor, at half past 12 o'clock.

We learn from the New Orleans Bee of September 21st, that the U. S. sloop of war Boston, from Pensacola, was off the North-east Pass. The Texian armed schooner Terrible, [illegible], lying at the Southwest Pass, was under seizure for having a slave on board, contrary to law.

THE STORM, says the Journal of Commerce, was very severe in the direction of New York.

POLICE COURT.

[illegible] to answer [illegible] but the evidence went to show that [illegible] advice to behave themselves properly and have no more fighting.

AARON WHITTEN, alias JAMES HAMMOND, was charged with stealing a surtout coat and gloves from Daniel F. Wheeler. The coat was taken from the chamber in which Wheeler slept, and offered for sale at a second hand clothing store. The complainant was informed that he must remain in town until Monday to appear against the prisoner at the Municipal Court. This placed him in a dilemma, for he had intended to leave town immediately for home—he belonging to New Hampshire. His person, however, was accepted as a substitute—but he was obliged to strip off his travelling coat—the one which had been stolen—and deliver it over to the keeping of the officer of the Court. Defendant was ordered to give bonds in $100.

Another charge against defendant was next brought forward. Constable Glover had found three wallets in his pocket, one of them sworn to by Mr Goodenough as being his own. It contained when taken away, five dollars and a note of hand for $20. Ordered to recognize in the sum of $100 for his appearance at the Municipal Court.

Two ladies were gallanted into the presence of Judge Rogers by Constable Reed. They had been plucked from the arms of Morpheus, on that very morning, and snatched from their morning dreams to face the iron countenance of the law. Their names were Joanna Crummings and Nora Crummings—common drunkards. Joanna was a yellow-haired woman, that might have been pretty in her day; but excessive of the *spirit* had worn the outward woman somewhat, and her countenance had appeared to be [illegible]. Nora looked like a bruiser—and her old straw bonnet had evidently been a rallying standard of many a brawl and tempest in a teapot. The witness said it was the first time they had seen the gentle fair sober for six months. One of them had two little children who would have starved long ago, but for the charity of neighbors that took them in and fed them. The defendants dwelt together in a wretched room, destitute of all civilized conveniences as well as the more plain necessaries of life, and lived wholly upon rum. They had been brought to the Court Room before they could have an opportunity to take their morning's bitters; which accounted for their being able to stand. Joanna was recognized as an old offender in the liquor line, and she took up her song for three months. Nora was enlisted in the ranks of the South Boston Invincibles for the term of two months.

KING VS REED. Bartlett, counsel for the prosecution.—Complainant's counsel desired a postponement of this case, until some affairs could be arranged, and other witnesses procured. The counsel for prisoner stated that his client had suffered from ill health in his present confinement, and desired that the examination should commence. Defendant stated that his complaints were not those which a physician could ameliorate, but that they were depression of mind on account of his present situation. Postponed until Thursday next, at eleven o'clock.

JAMES M'CLARAN was arraigned for an assault on Alexander Forbes. It appears that James and Alexander had been fellow workmen in the same shop, and some unpleasant passages had formerly occurred between them. Alexander went away to work elsewhere; but called at the shop on Tuesday to gather up his tools and old traps. One of his tools was missing, whereupon he threw out hints that led James to ask him, if he thought he had got his tools. 'If I did think so,' said Alexander, 'I imagine I should not think wrong.'—James then ordered Alexander out of the shop; and Alexander said he would go out, if defendant was able to put him out. The two litigants stood very near to each other, and although James insisted in Court, that Alexander shook his fist in his face, yet none of the witnesses could remember such a circumstance.

But James smote Alexander with his fist, whereat the two were grappled with each other, and from the appearance of Alexander's phisiognomy, it would appear that he got the worst of it. The defendant was fined two dollars and costs. He paid it and departed.

MARY ANN CECIL was sent to the House of Correction for wanton behavior and night-walking.

JOHN LOINES for drunkenness—a sample of the mock sublime, who conducted himself like a gentleman under embarrassment, was ordered to pay a fine of $5 and costs. He felt in his indispensables like a man who had lost his pocket book on board the steamboat, but the dollars 'came not when he did call.' He was led off.

THOMAS RAND—common drunkard—had been so found before, and walked off for six months to the House of Correction.

FRANCIS MORIS—common drunkard—the witnesses for the prosecution being rather hard upon him, he sent for Mr James (a member of the bar) to testify in his favor; but alas! Mr James was found on the wrong side—a lawyer being placed in so peculiar a situation that *he* was obliged to speak the truth. Neighbor Moris went to South Boston for six months.

One of the most respectable mechanics of the North End complained of his son as a common drunkard. It appeared that the young man was in the habit of drinking to excess, and at such times abused his father and all the family, and uttered threats, accompanied with profane oaths, that put them in bodily fear. The defendant behaved very well at the bar. He had but little to say, but signified that if he had committed theft, or any other crime, he should think himself deserving of punishment. The Court had the presumption to differ from him, and he was sentenced for *two months*. His father here interfered, and wished to know if he could not be released, should he have an opportunity to go to sea before the expiration of the term. He was informed that the Police Court was not the proper place to apply—that he must call at the City Hall, and apply to the directors. His father appeared to be laboring under intense feelings of anguish during the trial, and sufficiently evinced that he sought only his son's good. Whether he took the right way for it or not is a question that remains to be decided.

JAMES JONES, a young seaman, was brought to the bar, charged with several complaints. Firstly, he was tried for an assault on Nicholson. Complainant said that he was going home, with several others, to his boarding house, when he was attacked by Jones who struck him several times, when he fled, and did not attempt to lift his hand in his own defence. The witnesses also stated that defendant knocked down two others and injured them by blows. He boasted that he had struck three of them, and neither of them dared to strike him back again. Among the witnesses was Mr William Hatstat, known to seafaring people as 'the sailor's friend.' Defendant was fined six dollars and costs. Three witnesses were then thought of, who came forward for defendant. Sentence was suspended, and they were permitted to testify. They testified that defendant was attacked by Nicholson, and he knocked the *three* down, one after another, in his own defence—that the complainant struck defendant first. They were pronounced a part of Jones's gang, and the Judge told them that so far from their evidence helping the prisoner, they might consider themselves fortunate that they were not all indicted for *perjury*. They left the Court Room at the first convenient opportunity. The sentence was sustained.

Jones was then tried for an assault on another individual whom he attacked at the same time that Nicholson was assaulted. The evidence was plain and he was sentenced to pay six dollars and costs.

WILLIAM SIBBLES and JOHN SIBBLES were then ordered to take their place beside Jones, and the three were charged with an assault on the watchmen. It appeared by the evidence of the watchmen that there had been quite a skirmish, and that William Sibbles had been active in trying to rescue Jones from the watchmen, after he had been arrested. Sibbles cross-questioned the witnesses rather ingeniously than otherwise, and after one of them had given his testimony against him, he said, 'I would not swallow such a whopper for all Boston.' The younger brother, John Sibbles, appeared like an ingenuous, true-hearted lad, and no evidence appearing against him, he was discharged, and sworn as a witness for defendants. He gave his testimony with much apparent honesty and naivete, and said that William only went to speak to Jones, when he was arrested by the watchmen; and also declared that he did not see his brother strike the watchmen, although he was watching him all the time. We observe that when the watchmen enter a complaint they persevere most strenuously. We wish they could be found when they are wanted, and when *real danger threatens some of these dark nights*. Jones and Sibbles were committed for trial at the November term of the Municipal Court.

KING VS REED. This case came on in course, yesterday morning at 11 o'clock. The counsel for the prosecution stated that no important evidence had been obtained respecting the guilt of the defendant, and that if it met the views of the court, he saw no reason why the prisoner should not be discharged. Judge Simmons stated that the principal evidence rested on the fact that Mr King's [illegible] had been found in the possession of Reed—[illegible] and when produced had [illegible] the passing of sentence, which figures it was said he might have made upon the card previous to his arrest and after the robbery. The allegation was, that Reed had received the card [illegible] in the way of business, and the Judge said if Reed had really been guilty, it was singular that he should have given the money, and retained in his possession a card which could be of no use to him, but which could lead to his detection. Defendant was discharged.

Judge Simmons then read the following letter from a respectable firm in this city, addressed to the Judge of the Police Court.

[illegible] We know nothing of his previous character, prior to his arrest, excepting while with us.

Respectfully submitted, &c.

MUNICIPAL. At a meeting of the Mayor and Aldermen on Monday:

The board concurred in the proposition of the C. C. to form a Convention on Thursday evening, the 13th instant at 8 o'clock, for the purpose of determining upon the number of Representatives, it is expedient for the City to send to the next general Court.

The committee on the Fire Department to whom was referred a communication of the board of Engineers, stating the condition of said Department—the Engines, apparatus, &c. and recommending sundry alterations—made a report which was read and accepted, and ordered to be printed in the newspapers.

Petitions of Thaddeus Nichols, James and others, and Wm S. Holmes and others, praying that the elevation of Somerset street may be further reduced, and the remonstrances of Israel Thorndike, and others, and B. W. Crowninshield against the same. Referred.

Petition of Daniel Dickerson and others, praying that the whole house lately belonging to Susanna Jenks may be taken down, for the purpose of widening Ann street. Referred.

Lamps were ordered to be lighted corner of Fifth street and Dorchester Turnpike, B street, Fourth street and Turnpike street.

FEMALE LABOR. We are at a loss to conceive why women are not entitled to the same same pay for the same amount of work, that is given to men. If we were to judge by all the light that is afforded to us on the subject, we should say that it was because women were not able to *speak up for their rights*, because employers are not afraid of them. But this is attributing so much baseness to the employers of females, that we shall be glad to exchange the supposition for another, whenever we can. Custom has been wrong in this thing, and we hope it will be reformed. Women who are obliged to maintain themselves and families are subjected to so many inconveniences, that, if anything, they need a *higher* price for their labor than men. The employers make immense profits we well know, and these profits come out of the bone and sinews of poor women—some of them unprotected widows! Every principle of manhood and humanity forbid that Mammon should longer act the vampyre to fatten on the heart's blood of helpless woman!

APPEARANCES MAY DECEIVE US. The late Chief Justice Marshall, while walking out leisurely in the city of Richmond, was asked by a gentleman who had lately come there to reside, to take a leg of mutton that he was purchasing, and carry it a short distance to his house; he supposed the Judge to be some man waiting to get a job. The gentleman told the Judge it would much oblige him and that he would reward him. The Judge said 'Yes, I can carry it,' and took the meat and walked behind its owner. As they passed along, every body bowed to the man with the mutton, and the owner became uneasy, and turning to his carrier, said, 'I fear, Sir, I have made a mistake.' 'No,' said the venerable Judge, 'such a trifle I would do for any one.'

MURDER AND ROBBERY. Wm Beaver, (an old bachelor,) who kept a Grocery in the suburbs of this city, at the forks of the road, foot of Kemper's Hill, was robbed and murdered in the most shocking manner, on Sunday night last, by three men, named Washburn, Hoover and ———. They committed the murder for the purpose of possessing themselves of the old man's money. They beat him to death with clubs, one of which was found lying by the side of the deceased, and contributed to the detection of the murderers. After they had beaten the old man to death, they rifled the money drawer of its contents, and made off. The club which was found lying by the old man, was covered with blood, and was recognised as having been seen in the possession of Washburn just before dark on Sunday night. He was searched for and found. When discovered, numerous spots of blood were found upon his clothes, and he was arrested and committed to prison. He was Lynched a short time since on board the steamboat Commerce for stealing a pocket book from one of the passengers—they shaved his head and gave him a coat of tar and feathers, and put him ashore. His head is still without hair. He is without doubt a hardened villain.

Hoover was also arrested, by the indefatigable exertions of constable Hurst and others, and has confessed the crime. He states that he was assisted by Washburn and ——— (we do not recollect the name). We believe all three of the perpetrators have been committed to prison, and will doubtless be tried at the next Criminal Term which sits early in October.

The city authorities of Providence have appropriated a sum of money for the purpose of boring for coal in Providence. It can be found here, beyond all doubt, and we are fully satisfied that the appropriation will be sanctioned by every one. In a climate like ours, and with present prices of fuel, it is certainly desirable to try, at least, our own resources, and see if coal cannot be obtained at home.—*Providence Journal.*

Gov Fulton of Arkansas, has issued a proclamation calling for the organization of ten volunteer companies to defend the frontier, according to the requisition of Brevet Brig Gen Arbuckle, of the U. S. Army.

B. RATHBUN. This person was arrested this morning, on a warrant granted by a justice of the peace in Batavia, Genesee county, on a charge of forgery. His bail immediately applied for a writ of habeas corpus, and he was brought before Judge Stryker. After a hearing he was remanded to the custody of his bail, by whom he was forthwith handed over to the custody of the sheriff and recommitted to prison.

INTERESTING ANECDOTE. In the debate on the removal of Washington's remains in the house of representatives, Mr Howard of Maryland, related the following interesting historical anecdote.

'When the British fleet was passing up the Potomac, with hostile intent, during the late war, the commander directed that when he arrived opposite Mount Vernon, he should be informed of the fact. When he was told that the ship was passing the tomb of Washington, the officers assembled upon deck, and passed by uncovered and in silence.'

LATEST FROM EUROPE.—Just as we were getting our evening edition to press, our newsmen came up from the ship John Taylor, bringing us English papers to August 30th.

They contain the important news of the dissolution of the French Ministry on the 25th of August, in consequence of a difference with the King on the question of a Spanish intervention. All the members retired except one.

The King was opposed to intervention on the ground of a protest from the Northern Powers.

Sales of Cotton at Liverpool for the week ending Sept. 26th, amounted to 26,910 bales, with an advance of 1-8d per lb.

On Saturday 27th and Monday 29th the sales were 5000 bales, market rather quiet.—*Jour. Com.*

FROM MEXICO. Intelligence from Matamoras to the 27th August has been received, that Gen Urrea, the Mexican commandant at that place, issued, on the 20th, a proclamation, or quasi declaration of war, against the Texans and Americans of the United States, occasioned by a report that the United States had recognized the independence of Texas. Subsequently, when Gen Urrea learned the falsity of the rumor, he recalled the proclamation, but in the mean time it had much aggravated the already hostile feelings of the Mexicans against the Americans.

The Mexican army at Matamoras consisted of about 3500 effective men, 4 to 600 having deserted, and were prowling in the woods in the vicinity, and daily committing depredations on the inhabitants and foreigners. About the 22d of August a Mexican officer in council, proposed the sacking of the town of Matamoras, but although supported by many of the council they were out-voted; the inhabitants were in daily expectation of some outbreak of the Mexican soldiers; a forced loan had also been passed by the council of Mexican officers.

DISTRESSING ACCIDENT. At a late hour on Sunday night, a friend that was an eye witness, informed us of a most melancholy accident which occurred on the Columbia Rail Road, on Sunday afternoon, about 3 o'clock, to the cars for Lancaster, which left this city in the morning, and which were near Fairview.

In the forward passenger car was a number of persons, among others Mrs Gibson and family of Philadelphia, bound to Cincinnati. The axle of the car unfortunately broke, and let the body thereof down upon the road, by which a large hole was immediately forced through the car, and Mrs Gibson and child by some means were dragged through to the ground, and Mrs G. immediately killed. The child miraculously escaped death, although much bruised.

A black man who had leaped from the car was so much injured, that it is believed that he could not survive.

A gentleman not known, had his arm broken, and otherwise injured.—*U. S. Gazette.*

The magnificent horse Glencoe cost three thousand guineas.

RESIGNATIONS. The resignations in the United States Army since the 6th of July amount to *forty seven*.

The Baltimore Gazette of Monday evening says—'A gentleman with a glass eye was about to exercise the right of suffrage this morning, when he was accosted by a political opponent with, 'I say, Mister, what are you doing here? you can't vote, you're not *natural-eye'd*.' The joke was taken in good part, and created general merriment.

The pocket book of the Belfast stage driver has been found in the street in Bangor, rifled of its contents. Rogers has therefore been set at liberty.

FLUMMERY.—An English paper mentions a case of a man who while swearing violently was deprived of his speech, and has remained so. Tell that to the marines.

THE PICTURES OF THE TEMPTATION AND EXPULSION, EXHIBITING IN THIS CITY.—We know not that we ever visited an exhibition with more doubtful feelings, than we entered [illegible] Gallery on Wednesday last, to look at the Temptation and Expulsion of Adam and Eve. [illegible] they must be excellent [illegible] we feared that they [illegible] ends. Besides, the [illegible] the Mercantile Journal has strenuously opposed them, and we place great confidence in his judgment.

There is nothing over which the press should exercise more surveillance, than the exhibitions which crowd our cities.—The ingenuity of thousands is at work to obtain money from their fellows. Handbills, telling enormous stories, are placarded to deceive the unwary, and make them spend their money for some detestable frippery. It is for the Press to denounce such cheats, and procure for them merited neglect. But especially should those be exposed whose cupidity would influence them to palm upon the public an immoral exhibition.

With these views, we entered the hall to look at two pictures for the first time, concerning which there has been so much dispute throughout the Union. The first point which caught our eye was the startling beauty and purity of the face of Adam in the Temptation—a miracle of genius for deep and affecting expression—then the richer feminine beauty of the face of Eve, turned up to his, in the fondest love. Then the manliness of the form of Adam, contrasted with the grace and soft symmetry of that of Eve. But a solemnity steals over the feelings—a thought that such was man before the mighty sin.

The wrath of God is seen in the Expulsion. The Heavens are darkened—the serpent has disappeared, and the fiend is seen in its place. The light and shade is of the most startling contrast—and the figures of the sinners are in the deepest attitudes of wo.

Whoever, man, woman, or child, could reap aught but instruction from the sight of these paintings must possess a will to obtain from every possible source, ill, rather than good.—'SUCH WAS MAN!' is the lesson taught, 'SO WAS HE MADE HAPPY BY HIS MAKER—SO DID HE REAP THE FRUITS OF SIN!'

We cannot think our friend of the Mercantile Journal has looked on that picture as he ought—for it seems to us impossible that a reasoning mind could possibly extract one jot of evil impression therefrom. The effect, on the contrary, is sublime and elevating.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.—Messrs Topliff have received by the Niagara files of London and Liverpool papers to the 2d and 3d September. We do not find any political intelligence in them of interest, nor do they supply us with any thing of moment from Spain, or furnish any information of the formation of a new French ministry. We extract a few miscellaneous items.—*Trans.*

Duke Charles of Brunswick accompanied Mrs Graham in a balloon excursion on the 22d of August. When the balloon descended, the Duke jumped suddenly out of the car.—The loss of his weight caused it to ascend again, tearing away the grappling iron, which caught again on a bank, and caused a jerk which threw Mrs Graham out at the height of several feet. Mrs G. was severely injured by the shock, and soon after became the mother of a lifeless child.

A great fire occurred in Southwark, London, on the 30th August, which destroyed property to the amount of £300,000. It was the most extensive fire that has taken place in London since the memorable fire in Radcliffe Highway, in 1794.

The account of the Rathbun forgeries had reached England, and occupies conspicuous space in the London papers, which begin to publish whole columns on American affairs generally.

The Municipal Authorities of Hamburg have supplied a Brazilian Captain with a cargo of condemned criminals, to be carried as *settlers* to Brazil.

The coronation of the Emperor of Austria was to take place at Bohemia on the 1st September, and that of the Empress on the 10th.

The Morning Herald of the 30th contains copious details of the late occurrences in Spain, communicated in letters from its correspondents. The abstract given below embraces the principal facts. After making all due allowance for the Tory bias of the Herald, it is plain that the condition of the Spanish government and people is wretched in the extreme. Since the overthrow of the Isturitz Ministry, and the accession of a new one headed by Calatrava, which change was brought about by force of arms, the moderate party, who have hitherto borne the brunt in the contest against the Carlists, appear to be much discouraged, and the dominant party themselves are far from being united in any efficient course of measures for the prosecution of the war. Meantime the interest felt by France and England in opposing the Carlists has very much abated, as they prefer even despotism to anarchy. No additional aid can be expected from France, while the present order of things continues. And without foreign aid, it is extremely doubtful whether the party in power will be able to cope with the Carlists, whose prospects brighten in proportion as those of the government party are obscured. The squabble which took place among the military at Madrid on the 18th August, as described below, attended with the loss of several lives, affords an apt illustration of the state of insecurity which prevails.

LYNCHING A THIEF.—An individual named John G. Fields, in Memphis, (Ten.) who passed himself off for a dentist, and was seen lounging about the boats, was caught robbing a flat boat of nearly a hundred dollars. He was asked whether he would be lynched or taken to jail. He preferred the former, whereupon he was punished with a hundred lashes. He was then put into a 'dug out' with a loaf of bread and five dollars, and sent adrift down the Mississippi. He is a good mechanic, and has been a postmaster. He had a great number of keys in his trunk.

The Portsmouth (Eng.) Telegraph of August 27th announces the arrival at North Yarmouth of the Cove, Captain Ross, which was sent out in search of a missing whale ship. She had been unsuccessful in her search. Davis's Straits and Baffin's Bay were full of ice, and no appearance of a break up. The Cove touched at two or three Danish settlements on the coast of Greenland, after which she returned along the ice to Labrador.

C. H. EATON.—At Eaton's benefit on Monday night last Bangor, when he played Richard, not only every ticket was sold, but the box keeper was obliged to *make more* before the crowd would be satisfied—by which means the lobbies were crammed full. Eaton was called out after the performance, and made a short address.

ORATION BEFORE THE MECHANIC ASSOCIATION.—We understand that Mr Homer's Address was a fine one. He boldly reproved the Society for negligence in advancing the progress of the Mechanic Arts, and advised immediate attention to measures in order to provide a hall, Reading Room, &c.

CHOLERA.—The Cholera has again taken a start in Charleston. The number of cases in 24 hours, reported Sept. 27th, was 44. On the first of October there were but three deaths reported.

A woman in London was choked by a large piece of hard potatoe which lodged in the sac of the oesophicus. Three hours afterward, when in a state of suffocation, two drachms of a solution of three grains of tartar emetic, in an ounce of water, was injected into the external *ulna vein*, which relieved the patient immediately.

Persons acting for the Anti-Slavery Society have instituted proceedings at law against the Recorder of New York, for disregarding the writ of *homine replegiando*, sued out by said Society in behalf of the slave lately delivered over to his master, John F. Collier of Maryland.

Monsieur Adrien, the prince of magicians, is exhibiting in New York.

POET IN THE PULPIT. The celebrated Montgomery the Poet has become a preacher. His discourses are said to be quite poetical. He is, of course, of the Church of England.

CUSTOM HOUSE OATHS. These oaths are exploded in England, and a solemn affirmation used in their stead. Quite as well; for the oaths were none too much respected by sailors.

The New York Transcript says that $10 counterfeit bills on the Bank of Rochester are in circulation, and the execution of the counterfeits are excellent. We think the execution of the counterfeiters would be excellent too.

The Common Council of the city of Albany have decided by a vote of 17 to 1, to subscribe $200,000 in the stock of the railroad, for connecting the Western Railroad of this State with the city of Albany.

Among the successful competitors for prizes awarded at the Columbia College, was a lad of fifteen, George Mann, son of Colonel Mann.

WANTON CRUELTY. Eight hundred squirrels were destroyed in one day, by a party of squirrel hunters in Upper Canada.

SUICIDE. The sportsmen about Liverpool, Eng. are industriously engaged in shooting *geese*.

ABSENCE OF MIND. The most remarkable instance is that of an alderman in this city, who at a public dinner, handed a roast pig to the waiter, and swallowed the platter that contained it.

A FLAME! A FLAME! We have given up all idea of sending the editor of the Transcript to Turkey. He is caught—folded up, put by. He wanders about the streets in a mournful reverie. Miss Clifton has destroyed his equanimity—upset his apple-cart, and

He now sighs who never sighed before,
And every time he looks, he sighs the more.

PADDY POWER. Power understands himself. He lately went to Baltimore, a place where theatricals never flourished, and had no houses. So all of a sudden he was taken sick—he couldn't play at all; so the Manager made an apology to the naked walls, and Power went to Philadelphia.—There he had good houses, and oh! how soon he got well!

It appears that Hamblin has given up his project of rebuilding the Bowery Theatre by a company, and has determined to go to work alone. He means to build it on a plan precisely similar to the old establishment, and have it ready for opening by the first of January next. The probable cost will be about $60,000.

OCULIST WILLIAMS.—The papers of Philadelphia [illegible] disputing about this notorious impostor and quack. [illegible] shameful that this fellow should go about the country [illegible] the silence of editors by numerous egotistical and [illegible] advertisements—and pillaging the poor. The Ledger is [illegible] in opposition to him. If they want any proof of his [illegible]very, we can inform them, that the silver medal he [illegible] having received from some prince or other in Paris, is [illegible] a pewter medalion given to some soldier in Napoleon's [illegible] with a head upon it and an inscription, neither of them [illegible]ing any thing more to do with Williams than they have [illegible] Peter the Great. We can inform them that the [illegible] he tells so much about are printed blanks, which any [illegible] have filled up in Europe for a small sum of money. We [illegible] inform them that his habits while in Boston were so [illegible]ing, that he was turned successively from three boarding [illegible]ses—*almost kicked out*. Let a stop be put to his [illegible] before he goes to Baltimore, which he threatens to do. [illegible] any one deserved severe punishment, it is this impostor, [illegible] he cheats the public under the pretence of assisting the *poor*. He thrives on the good nature of the community.

The Editor of the Commercial Advertiser of New York, who has long believed the exposures of Maria Monk, has been to Montreal to examine the Convent, and now [illegible] that he believes her to have spoken falsely.

COMMUNICATIONS.

SIMON SNUFFER'S ESSAYS ON MAN.

NO. IV.—*My Lecture on Phrenology.*

You tell about knowing people by their looks. [illegible] whence is that dark scowling look in the faces of Jo [illegible]ry, Mrs. Pettish, Betsy Bashful, and Prudy Circumspect? Do you give it us? Just look at Jo's head here. Do you see the fulness of this part [putting my hands on the [illegible] corners towards the top of his noddle, as I stood behind him.] If he was a hen he would cackle when a phrenologist came nigh him. This is the organ called cautiousness, that I have been telling you about.

It is designed as a guard and regulator, its [illegible] makes us readily apprehend evils, as I suppose; and as every faculty seeks a degree of exercise, so some [illegible] and modifications of this faculty make us in a manner reconciled to the dark and fearful side of matters and things—a circumstance which astonishes those who lack this [illegible]ness. This is an Indian characteristic.

Now you see these four heads agree in this fulness and yet the natural minds are quite different; because they are differently modified especially by different degrees of other powers and dispositions. Indeed, human minds are like aunt Patty's mince pies. They are all composed of the same sort of materials. The difference is caused by the different quality and proportion of the materials, the manner of baking &c.

I began to tell about looks—and here, again, do you notice that set rigid look in the face of Katy Constant, [illegible] Wonty and old Mrs Obstinacious? Only look here [putting my hand on the tip top of Will's head, directly above his ears] do you see how high the organ of firmness is? You might take him for a relation of Simon Snuffer.—[Here Dr. Timberlay interrupted me and observed, that if Simon Snuffer went on as he had done of late, he would be Simon Snuffer long, but have a great handle to his name.] Here is another Indian characteristic, continued I, [recovering as well as I could from the effect of the compliment.] No man with such a head will ever make a good slave.

Now look at Harriot Haughty, Sally Sufficient and Moses Mibi. That self complacent look, with the head thrown back is caused by this prominence at self-esteem [putting my hand on the middle line of Harriot's pretty head, just back of firmness.] Here is a little natural pride and not a little neither. I can usually distinguish persons in the street with hats and bonnets on, who have this part excessively large.

Do you notice the sly look and creeping gait of [illegible] Grimalkin? They indicate large secretiveness, generally denoted by the width of the skull a little above the ears.

And where you find a remarkable width below secretiveness, close above the ears, at destructiveness, you will observe a fierce look, as in the case of Sal Smasher, and Tom Tiger here present, and the old widow Xantippe, who I regret to say is absent; for she is an excellent specimen, for one of her sex.

Do you know, said I, where to look for individuality? It is close above the nose. And here is eventuality higher up, in the middle of the forehead. Just look at Jim Hawk-eye's face, and Hitty Watcham's and old Nat Pierce's. When these organs are large, whatever may be the reasoning powers, there is an indescribable kind of keen look. And when these are combined with large marvellousness, ideality &c., there is a wide awake look, as in the faces of parson Rousem and Miss Angelina Wonderful.

When eventuality and individuality are small, which circumstance is generally indicated by a flatness or hollowness in the middle and lower part of the forehead, with a forehead not very distant from the ears, then you will see a dull, sleepy look, as may be somewhat the case with my worthy friend Jerusha Slinkins, and perhaps with myself.

When I had in like manner described and exemplified the looks and gestures of comparisons, reverence, hope, mirthfulness, approbation, adhesiveness, amativeness, combativeness &c. with such personal allusions as would have enraged half this audience, and the whole of any other, with any lecturer but Simon's own self, I seated Dr. Timberlay in his great armed chair, and then combed his hair down about his forehead, so as to lessen the appearance of benevolence, imitation, hope, marvellousness, ideality, wit &c. Said I, Ladies and Gentlemen, how does the man look? "Kind o' mecchis'," said Tom Slinkins.

I next combed it up so as to increase the apparent size of benevolence, reverence &c. Said I how does he look now, pray? "He seems, said aunt Patty, to have more a look of magnanimity."

And then I spread it wide in the direction of ideality, marvellousness, &c. Now, said I, how does he look?—"Look," said half a dozen voices; "he has a wild look," "a fantastic look" &c. "He looks wild and fanciful, said aunt Patty.

Comment is needless. The case was a plain one; and phrenology in that hour slew many antagonists with a weapon worthy of the hands of a Sampson.

"But does not this new science teach, us said Deacon Slow, that education is nothing?" Not at all, said I. It teaches us that we have some foundation for education to work upon. For both mental and corporeal powers depend much on exercise. Cultivation does wonders. Our parents educate us; our teachers educate us; our companions educate us; even our children help to educate us. Indeed, every thing around assists in this great work for better or for worse. But nothing is like self cultivation, self-education, self-government.

In a well proportioned head, interest, duty, or accident may perhaps raise the lowest natural faculty to the first actual rank—still, if nature helped to make the distinction, the effect would be much more remarkable.

The wire-dancer cultivates the sense of equilibrium to such an extent as to astonish his natural equals. But all could not make excellent wire-dancers.

Having touched a little on craniology, I proceeded to put the bridle on quackery, by premising that it is difficult, and to a degree impossible, to ascertain in a living head the extent of the different organs. We cannot exactly point to their origin. We cannot exactly measure their length; much less their breadth. We cannot exactly limit their exterior. And yet, though not very mathematical, craniology is a great help in comparing men, and studying ourselves. It is by extreme cases that the seats of the faculties must be ascertained and proved.

Spurzheim did not pretend to have completed the science. Let every studious man look for himself. Simon Snuffer has never yet believed that the Doctor's system explains the whole man. Hence I have tried to discover his mistakes and supply his deficiencies; being well aware that a dwarf on a giant's shoulders is higher than a giant. But yet alas! for the most part I have been strangely baffled in my ambitious projects. And I dare say I am not among the last, nor the least of those who will fail in this undertaking.

Really, if we had but two faculties, their location might have been discovered long ago—only as I suppose the discoverer would need more than two faculties. But man happens to be a complicated being; and his numerous faculties are so combined as to obscure each other from the superficial observer. Great courage is often connected with

great cautiousness; great obstinacy with great condescension; great fierceness with great tenderness; great cunning with great stupidity &c. These are among the difficulties in the way of advancing phrenology; and they are difficulties which phrenology alone can solve.

One remark more I offer to your serious consideration. Some are ready to throw away the science if any doubt arises of the correctness of a single location or designation made by Spurzheim. This is folly. For if he had made every location wrong, it would not follow that there are no right ones. And the mistake might be in my ignorance of the man examined. If the form of the brain corresponds with the faculties of the mind in any way, phrenology is proved. If but one location can be proved, the principle is proved.

Such a location, if rightly understood, is Benevolence, Reverence, Firmness, Self-esteem, Philoprogenitiveness, Cautiousness, Amativeness, Combativeness, Destructiveness, Secretiveness, Ideality, Causality, Locality, &c. &c. if e'er you minded it.

This is about the substance of my lecture, nigh as I have a notion to remember it; and if I mistake not I have fixed up one of my best essays out of it. I have a thousand things to say about phrenology; but cant crowd every thing into one essay.

It is uncertain what will be the subject of my next No. but my readers may be assured it will have a subject if I live to write it; and one worth attending to.

I am, as usual, the public's devoted friend and servant, obedient or disobedient as the case may be.

SIMON SNUFFER.

NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1836.

DELINQUENTS.

There are many men who subscribe for a news paper without the remotest idea of ever paying for it—to such it is an insult to present a bill—and of this kind are

JAMES BRIDE—Keeper of the Layfayette Hotel in this city, who will not pay a debt of only $2.

E. W. BOYDEN, formerly of Keene, N. H. $4.

and a large number of others whom we shall post in the same way before many weeks, and keep their names STEREOTYPED for the admiration of all, until they settle their just dues.

OUR PRIZES.

We have not yet determined what course to pursue. We wish to satisfy *all parties*, as we have before expressed our determination.

The New York Transcript has a leading editorial devoted to our affairs. We thank the editor thereof for his kind interest in our honor and concerns, but beg to inform him that he is one of the last men we should go to for advice.—We have not forgotten his *gentlemanly* and *delicate* attack upon us sometime ago—doubly degrading to him that it emanated *from Boston*.

The editor of the Galaxy, Boston, says that "beauty is necessary to love"—we know better. But we'll wager a pin the fellow is in, heels over head, for some Washington street beauty. Be cautious, friend Harrington; we should as soon think of taking the uncultured Hottentot as an example of female accomplishment as a *street walking beauty* for a social companion for life.

—and we stick to our assertion, friend Memorial. Not only do we adhere to it, but will prove it correct—so that even so firm a caviller as thyself will yield. What is beauty? Answer us that. If you can define it, set bounds to it, or tell any of its characteristics accurately, we will yield that beauty is not necessary to love,—You cannot. Inasmuch as beauty is indefinable, we have one strong ground for the support of our position.

What is beauty? how dar'st thou impugn our character, when thou art thus put down by a sentence? Let us reason upon the matter.

We have asserted that Beauty is necessary to love. In the first place, nature, in her all bountiful goodness, has inspired the vast community with as various tastes as there are various individuals. There are, in the millions who tread the globe, no two faces, forms, [illegible] alike. It is wonderful! it is admirable! And they know not the great goodness of the Creator, who fret because they cannot in all things find sympathy. What misery would be entailed upon the human race, were there not this diversity! How smoothly do all things glide along in consequence of its existence!

Pick me from the multitude of the brightest, and fairest, Mr. Memorial, the paragon of the bright and fair—and set her before us; and sooner than thou did'st find her, will I show thee a hundred who will cavil at her appearance, and deny her the possession of the charms which thou did'st so admire. Again, thou milk and water disputant—we will, from the plainest of earth's damsels, select the plainest of the plain—and there shall be some one who shall call her beautiful. Go to, then.

What inspires love?—Why in the first place, beauty of feature, or expression (which expression is but the effulgence of character) in *the particular admirer*, and enraptured by such (to him) beauty, he *is* in love. He learns afterward to love the character of which the features and expression are heralds. This is *first love*, and comes first in order—and is the direct and immediate result of what may be denominated *immediate beauty*. In another instance, there is plainness of feature, which attracts not. If domestication ensue, the character reveals itself in action, language, and lastly in the expression—which had no effect before. There is then, a beauty, and a deep endearing beauty about the object—beauty of *character*, making the face, and form, and look, and all that express that beauty, lovely. Tell me the man or woman who loves tenderly any object, however plain to the common eye, who will not say that to them there is an indescribable charm—a beauty robing every thing connected with the being so adored.

Thus do we put our opponent certainly *hors du combat*—and he is at our mercy. But we spare him.

In love with a Washington street beauty—Pah!—in love with a walking show box—a Panorama—a *thing*, bespatched and bedizened, that men may look at and admire—alas, that it could not be realised by *these* beauties, that the men pity while they admire!

Have done with twits of this kind, Mr Memorial—'tis an insult.

ADVENTURES OF A WANDERER. We have not seen the work which bears this title since it was published—but there were extracts from it in one or two of the papers. The individual of whose life it professes to give a history, was a tall young Indian by the name of *Charles Lansing*. In early youth he fell into the hands of a missionary society, who undertook to give him a liberal education for the purpose of sending him abroad in their service. Although he did not remain with them long enough to obtain all the advantages designed for him, yet he acquired a tolerable education. He possessed considerable literary taste, and there was not a line of Byron which he could not, at any moment, recite. He was a seaman, and many had been his wanderings—he confessed that he had been a pirate, and was prone to boast of wonders which he had seen and done. A shipmate of his told us that on one occasion, when a man had fallen from aloft and was killed, Lansing was seen parading about the deck with the dead man's shirt on his back, which he had stripped, all bloody as it was, from the still warm clay of his shipmate, and transferred to his own person. Lansing was, at length, killed in one of his mad cap freaks. Being the coxswain of a boat, he was going ashore with his captain at a Spanish port, in the night, when a guard boat blocked the way. The officer of the guard boat called out and commanded them to stop: but Lansing's blood was fairly up, and with horrid imprecations against the Spaniards, he ordered his oarsmen to run down the guard boat and sink every mother's son of them. At the same time, he sprung forward with a lifted oar to knock down the captain of the opposing boat, who drew out a pistol, and in a moment the soul of Lansing took its flight to another sphere. This event occurred within a few months.

Persons who endeavor to undermine the foundations of religion, are like a man bidding his workmen to cut down a tree while he is perched among its branches.

CONSCIOUSNESS.—It is by no means certain that he who is the most bitter against offenders, is the most righteous man himself. Many persons imagine themselves to be great foes to vice, because they thoroughly hate, and prosecute to the utmost, those who offend against the moral or civil law. But let us remark that a vicious course of conduct furnishes an enemy with the means of injuring us—and it is not certain that when an enemy takes advantage of the weapon which we have placed in his hands, by our misconduct, he is governed by a desire to benefit the community or build up the cause of righteousness on earth.—Nay, the very opposition which he appears to entertain toward our offences, may be pointed at us personally. The malignity of his disposition may be gratified—his own selfish interest may be advanced—and his own character acquire a favorable gloss, by appearing as the foe to evil in the eyes of the world. Vice is not approved of by mankind, however they may practice it; and he, therefore, who takes up arms against it, will be sanctioned by the general voice of the public. But there is a test by which we may discover whether the ostensible champion of virtue is really an enemy to vice, or whether this is only the plea by which he advances his own interests, and ministers to the blackest of human passions in his own breast—whether he has gone out with clean hands to fight the battles of the Almighty, or only marched forth under the banner of Truth, for the sake of gratifying his propensities for slaughter and his feelings of revenge. This test is—does he cleanse his own heart of evil, and wash his own hands in innocency? If not, then his attacks upon the wicked prove not that he is an enemy to their practices, but that he is an enemy to mankind; and willing to use any means which chance to be in his power, to work the ruin of his fellow creatures.—The man of tender conscience rather shrinks from visiting the crimes of others with severity. His own faults appear greater to him than the faults of other men. He is deterred from casting the first stone by a sense of his own failings. But the man whose conscience is seared, who has become hardened in crime, and who recognises no law but his own will, "hath no bonds," and will strike recklessly to the right and the left, heedless of the mischief he is doing. It is enough for him that the popular voice sustains him.—Were it popular to war against virtue, he would fight as hotly on the other side. He aims in opposing sin, because like Judas, "he careth not for the poor, but is a thief, and holds the bag." It is not the *sin*, but the *sinner* whom he opposes, and he labors not to reform the vicious, but to destroy them. When we hear a man censure the foibles of others, in harsh terms, we are ready to inquire if he has no foibles of his own. In nine cases out of ten, we shall find him a worse man than the one whom he so vehemently censures. This may easily be proved. The foundation of all virtue is benevolence. *Charity* is the great attribute of the Deity—so strenuously enforced in the gospel—so indispensable to the good. If Love, then, be the fulfilment of the law, hatred must be its greatest enemy—and he who exhibits enmity towards his offending brethren breaks the law at the same moment that he seems to defend it. There is a great difference between the butcher who slaughters the ox, in order to procure a livelihood by his profession, and the man who wantonly kills the animal to gratify a bloody disposition, and then leaves the body to fester in the sun. In short, he that censures his neighbor without a useful object, or injures the vicious without a righteous motive is an offender against the laws of God, and the good order of society.

BULWER AND COOPER.—The American novelist possesses the power of interesting the reader to an astonishing degree. Nothing can be imagined more engrossing to the mind than the majority of Cooper's novels. There is scarcely a dull page in them. There are no long and tedious disquisitions, no egotistical digressions. Before you have read a dozen lines in these romances, you perceive that the author has written for your amusement and not for his own.

With Bulwer, it is otherwise. There is much that is deeply interesting, more that is grand and magnificent, and still more that is philosophical. New and brilliant continually flash upon the mind of the reader through the whole book [illegible] the author appears to be endeavoring to exhibit *himself*, instead of the *dramatis personæ* of his romance. Bulwer is often tedious—he would not be so, if you did not look for interest instead of instruction in a novel. Cooper sticks to the text, and throws all the interest he can into his story. You forget the author in his hero or heroine. There can be no doubt that Bulwer is the greater mind of the two, but he is less of a *novelist* than Cooper. Bulwer introduces you into a splendid palace—he leads you through the cold halls—splendor and magnificence greet your eye at every step. He takes you to his gardens—he exhibits graces that would turn the head of the poet who gazed upon them. You see cascades, groves, and gravelly walks—costly exotics and humble violets, all arranged with excellent taste—but he dines so late and then so sparingly that you are uncomfortable and cannot enjoy the visit.

Cooper takes you to a moderately furnished dwelling.—But his discourse, though not learned is pleasant. You sit down to a bright coal fire and make yourself comfortable. He uncorks his porter and you are refreshed. An excellent dinner is placed on the table—the wife is pretty and full of smiles. You go away feeling that you have been well treated—you leave Bulwer's palace in the belief that he is a man of wealth and rank, but you feel cold, hungry and dissatisfied.

POVERTY.—The rich man has his cares and his anxieties, but he knows nothing of the peculiar embarrassments of the poor. He may smile at what he conceives their little troubles, and think their fare is good enough for them. But does he not reflect that they are still creatures of the same stamp with himself—that they have appetites, passions, affections, hopes, and fears, although their raiment may be coarse and their dwelling a hovel. Does not the poor man sigh when his little ones shiver with the cold, and when his cherished wife is bowed with sickness which he needs the means to relieve. When he sits down to his plain pine table, and sees his hungry children devour the coarse food which he has been able to procure for them, perhaps at the expense of his health—will not a pang assail his heart, and will not he ask, "Who shall feed them, when I am gone?" "When he sees them languishing in sickness, brought on by poor fare and lack of raiment, does he not feel that they are his own flesh and blood; and when, with wishful eyes, they look upon the gardens of the rich which they are forbidden to enter, and sigh for pleasures which he cannot purchase, has he no feeling of their condition. There are realities in poverty of which the man of wealth can form no just estimate.

OLD AGE. A desire to live long in this world is inconsistent with true philosophy. Our every day's observation should convince us that such a destiny is not desirable. To outlive all the relish for pleasure—to be incapable of taking part in the active concerns of life—to be overlooked, if not despised by the busy throng who are pressing forward around us, redolent with the spring-time of life, is a fate which human nature must shudder at. Still do we cling to existence as if a prize lay at the end of the goal, and we feared to stop short of the farthest term of human life, lest we should not reach it. We fight desperately against freedom,—we battle with disease which would fain set us free from the cares and pain of this tangled scene, and all our aim appears to be to reach that point at which we can be of no service to ourselves or to others. We leave behind us the flowery paths of youth, and enter the barren road of middle age. We look forward as if bliss lay basking a few years beyond us—and then plunge into the dreary wild of old age, which grows more and more cold and rayless; but to which we cling with the greater desperation, the more cheerless it becomes.

If punctuality is the soul of business, to what part of the system does money belong?

The most fell and desperate deeds are often perpetrated by such individuals, as have been supposed to be the most innocent and unsophisticated.

The man who applies to a villain for advice, is like the young tyro that blows his nose with an ink rag.

CONDESCENSION [?]. There is a kind of spurious condescension [illegible] so disgusting.—We have heard of a merchant remarkable for his great wealth, who met a young lawyer looking about for a boy to carry home his market basket. Our merchant was unknown to the lawyer, and he offered to carry the basket for the usual price. His service was accepted. He took the basket on his arm and carried it to the lawyer's house—the lawyer walking by the side of the counterfeit laborer. Before the merchant left the young man, he said, "If you want any more such jobs done, just inquire for * * * *." The young man started and colored, on perceiving that this menial office had been performed for him, by the wealthiest nabob in the city. This anecdote has been related as an example of *humility* in high life. We think it an example of the most consummate arrogance. Had the rich man carried home his own marketing, no one would have blamed him; although it would have been difficult to avoid a suspicion that he considered his great wealth placed him above the common usages of society: and that he could do that with impunity which a less considerable individual would not deem expedient. But in thus wounding the feelings of the young lawyer, and rendering him obnoxious to the sneers of his fellows, he went a step farther, and evinced a disposition to take advantage of his high standing to insult one who was just beginning life with moderate expectations, and who—such is the state of society—felt the necessity of keeping up appearances, in order to retain the respect of the multitude. Would not the same arrogance which led the old merchant to despise the forms of society and the feelings of others, now that he was rendered superior to their influence, have induced him to play the fop, and not the upstart, when young himself, and before he had been placed out of the reach of patronage and favor. Trace back the career of the merchant's life, and probably you will find that when a young man, he enacted the same self-important part which he so rudely and cruelly reproved in the young lawyer. We have read of men of rank who assumed humble disguises, and went among the lower orders of society, in order to enjoy the confusion of the simple swains, when their quality should be discovered. In fact, it is only by such freaks that the rich and the great can be enabled to feel that they are men of consequence. While among their equals, they are treated with no extraordinary respect—but by doing something to startle others with a sense of their importance, their vanity is gratified—as a certain philosopher made his servant wake him every half hour, in order that he might enjoy the luxury of *knowing* that he was asleep.

FEMALE EDUCATION. Although the proper sphere for woman is not in the Cabinet, the Senate, or the field, yet, in common with man, she possesses that immortal principle which is capable of endless progression. If she is man's inferior—as doubtless she is—then does she need education the more. It is not your well educated and thoroughly enlightened women who strive to struggle against the heaven-delegated authority of man, and forget their proper place in society. No—it is your coarse and unlettered females who loudly vindicate their equality with the nobler sex. It is a duty which we owe to woman, for herself, to give her every opportunity for mental improvement; and, if we consult our own interests, we will surely see the necessity of rendering her intelligent and companionable. Learning cannot injure woman—ignorance is certainly her greatest fault.

What better is the mere man of business than a ploughing horse or ox. It is almost impossible to conceive how the souls of such can be immortal, unless the spirits of dollars and cents are immortal too. It would seem that in a future state of being, when divested of houses and lands, merchandise and money, their souls would go into a quick consumption for want of something to feed upon, and perish like the dissolution of a vapour. Yet do these creatures strut about in their fine clothes, and call themselves *human!*

☞The most extraordinary case of absence of mind now existing in Boston, is that of the editor of the Transcript, who daily sees many fine ladies, and does not recollect that the time has arrived for him to [illegible] covered his mistake.

An ambition tyrant is like a lofty bar of iron, (*vide.* Dr King's advertisement) the higher it rises, the more obnoxious is it to the lightning.

Violent reformists are like the unskilful hand which puts out a candle in endeavoring to snuff it.

THE DRAMA.

THE NATIONAL.—On Monday last Mr Booth completed his engagement as Lear. It was an exquisite performance. Indeed, and in truth, there was nothing for criticism to carp at. The sorrows of the poor broken-hearted old man, were so pourtrayed as to bring tears to the eye of the beholder.

Smith's Edgar and Mrs Andersons' Cordelia were striking personations.

Mr. Wills has been amusing the audiences during the remainder of the week. We think him a fine performer—yes, a first rate performer. He is the more satisfactory to us that there is no gag about him. He plays an Irishman exceedingly well, imparts a rich brogue, and excites roars of laughter. His Billy Barlow is superior to Jim Crow, for it has some music in it, as well as a quan. suff. of the ridiculous and funny.

Mr Wills has, besides his comic, however, a rich voice, which he manages with great taste. He is a fine singer, and in common songs as well as Billy Barlow, always commands an encore.

Miss Gradden, a superior vocalist by report, soon commences an engagement at this theatre. Comer too, Tom Comer is also engaged, and as Williamson is all ready there, and Wills, we can have some first rate operas.

THE LION.—We understand that the Lion folks are going ahead. They have engaged Harrison and Gates from the Bowery, and have a host of good performers.—The house is being renovated.

The fact is, theatrical people will be stuffed full of enjoyment the coming season. Pelby is wide awake, the "Lion" means to roar upon its hind legs and roar well, and the —— but we dont go to the Tremont now.

CHITCHAT.—Eaton had a [illegible] for his benefit in Bangor. The Ternans are in Baltimore—Power in Philadelphia—Miss Horton, whom the papers speak well of, at the Park—Celeste at the National, N. Y. where they are producing the Maid of Cashmere in style—Wallack, also at the same house—Hamblin trying to rebuild his Bowery—Finn at the Walnut st. Phil. Miss Ellen Tree expected from the other side of the water soon.

LITERARY NOTICES.

HOME—by Miss Sarah Stickney.—New York, Harpers & Brothers; Boston, B. B. Mussey.—We have not had an opportunity to read this book thoroughly—a plea we are often obliged to make when the favors of publishers lie in heaps upon our table, as they have for several weeks past. But Miss Stickney writes always for some end. She has won a name, and of this work all speak well. We doubt not it sustains her favor.

We have several periodicals on our table at once—and cannot do justice as ample as we could wish. In the first place there are Foster's republications.

BLACKWOOD AND THE METROPOLITAN—for sale by his agents, Otis, Broaders & Co. The former with all its accustomed raciness—with its admirable papers from the author of the Diary of a Physician—the latter opening with a fine paper on "International Copyright," and continues also some chapters from Snarley Yow—by Marryatt—other contents.

THE KNICKERBOCKER—one of our own publications—the number for the present month. It looks filled with a great variety of matter but we have not had time to read a word of it. Jordan, at Columbian Literary Rooms will show it all—[illegible]

WALDIE'S LIBRARY—embracing fine selections—which we should like better if it were in more stable form—and so our catalogue ends.

REMINISCENCES OF MRS. HEMANS—by H. F. Chorley. New York, Saunders & Otley,—Boston, Light & Stearns. This work has been long announced, and expectation has been fully raised. Every circumstance led us to suppose we should take great delight in it. In the first place it was to tell familiar things of one of the greatest of modern days. Yes—a mighty one in the empire of mind—the adored Mrs Hemans. Again, the one who was understood to be the writer of the Memorials, Mr. Chorley, has recommended himself to us in some glorious tales, so full of the choicest genius that we could well consider him capable of doing justice to his adored friend. The books are before us.—They do not disappoint expectation. We have lingered over them with the deepest interest and delight. The publishers too, have clothed the work in a garb suited to its merits. They have given good binding, good paper and good print—with two beautiful engravings. We shall speak again of the work when we have dwelt longer upon it.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Henry A. Norcross to Mehitable, daughter of H. K. Lombard.

By the Rev Mr Ross, J. B. Cunningham, of Marlboro', to Sarah Prescott, of Gloucester.

By the Rev Mr Stow, Parker Emerson Jr, to Matilda Wilson—both of Boston.

In this city, by Rev Mr Barrett, George Adams to Mary Ann Leach.

In this city, James Arrington to Mary Ann Holden; Mason Pero to Sarah Ann Varney.

At Charlestown, Samuel S. Cutter to Sarah Mitchell.

At Cambridge, Rev Dr Lyman Beecher, of Cincinnati, Ohio, to Mrs Lydia Jackson, of Boston.

At Lancaster, Rufus K. Ladd, of Boston, to Emily Pollard, of L.

At Lowell, A. Pollard, of Billerica, to Vienna Whiteman, of Warren, NH.

At Saco, Me, Alfred B. Frost, of the firm of Hovey & Frost, of Boston, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Joseph M. Hays Esq, of Saco.

At Nantucket, Rev George Bradburn to Lydia B. daughter of Valentine Hussey Esq.

At New York, Wm Lombard, formerly of Boston, to Phebe Ann Langdon, of Brooklyn.

At St. Louis, Mo. Benj F. Child, merchant, formerly of Roxbury, Mass, to Helen Brown, formerly of Jedburgh, Scotland.

At Santa Barbara, Coast of California, in January last, Alfred Robinson, of Boston, to Ana Maria de la Guerra y Carillo, daughter of Don Jose de la Guerra y Noriega.

DEATHS.

In this city, Charles Henry Haskell, 13 mo; Capt C. Andrews, of Marseilles [?], 41.

On Tuesday morning, Emily Maria, daughter of I. R. Butts, 11 months.

In this city, John Sharp, 40; B. F. B. Mitchell, 42.

At West Cambridge, Chas W. son of Henry and Mary D. Adams, 2 mo.

At Charlestown, Mrs Joanna, wife of David Hayes, 57; Wm Boylston, 69.

At Roxbury, Mrs Eliza Garnett, wife of Francis C. Whiston, of Boston, 27.

At Brookline, Hezekiah S. Kendall, 26.

At Brookline, H. S. Kendall, 26, late of the firm of Freeman, Cobb & Co, of Boston.

At Chelsea, Mrs S. Stavers, of Portsmouth, 59.

At Windham, Conn, Rev Jesse Fisher 52.

At Hartford, Ct, Frederick Wm Geyer Esq, 42, grandson of the late F. W. Geyer Esq.

At New Orleans, Capt Wm S. Brown, son of the late Capt John Brown, formerly of Warren, R I, 31—late commander of Texan armed sch Liberty.

At Newport, Capt John Cahoone, of the U S Revenue service, 68.

At Philadelphia, Richard Relfe, for many years Editor of the Philad Gazette.

At Nashville, Tenn, on 11th Sept, Peter Chapouil, son of Anthony Chapouil, of Cambridgeport, 29.

Drowned, off Payta [?], from on board ship Logan, Benjamin B. Lowden, of New Bedford, 37.

SALES BY AUCTION.

By J. M. ALLEN, Office corner of Milk and Congress-st.

Alabaster, Agate and Marble Ornaments.
On TUESDAY next, at 10 o'clock, at office,
—without reserve—

15 cases, comprising a great assortment of very beautiful Alabaster, Agate and Marble Ornaments, received from Signor N. Viti, of Leghorn.

The whole will be arranged for exhibition on Monday, when Ladies and Gentlemen are invited to call and view them.

Administratrix sale of Household Furniture.
On TUESDAY next, at 10 o'clock,
At a house in Essex court, Essex-st.

A variety of household Furniture, consisting of feather beds; windlass bedsteads; bedding; bureaus; dining and pembroke tables; looking-glasses; carpets; sofa; fancy and common chairs; kitchen furniture, &c.

The above having been in use but a short time, are in very good condition.

☞The House is also to be Let.
By order of the Administratrix.

[illegible]

A large assortment of stationary and fancy goods, consisting of reading, writing and letter paper; quills; paint boxes; writing desks; fine penknives; pruning do; soaps; colognes; steel pens; albums; black sand; bank books; ledgers; journals; waste books; razor strops; 50 pr pocket pistols; 100 cards scissors. Catalogues at sale.

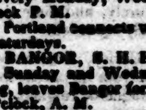
Superior Fowling Pieces and Pistols.
On THURSDAY next, at 11 o'clock, at office,

36 superior Fowling pieces of all sizes, percussion caps and handsomely mounted.

Also, 100 pr Pocket Pistols; may be examined on the morning of sale.

EASTERN LINE OF STEAMBOATS.

Arrangement for the remainder of the Season.



The Steamer PORTLAND, J. Howes Jr. leave Boston, (from Eastern Steamboat Wharf,) for Portland, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Leaves Portland every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, for Boston, at 5 o'clock P. M.

The Portland connects with the steamer Bangor, Tuesdays and Saturdays.

The BANGOR, S. H. Howes, leaves Portland for Bangor, every Sunday and Wednesday morning, at 6 o'clock. Returning, leaves Bangor for Portland every Monday and Friday, at 6 o'clock, A. M.

The McDONOUGH, Capt Brown, leaves Portland every Sunday, Tuesday and Thursday, for Bath, Gardiner and Hallowell.

The ROYAL TAR, Capt Reed, leaves Portland for Eastport and St John every Friday evening.

Freight received on board the Portland until 4 o'clock on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

o8 gtf I. W. GOODRICH, Agent.

NEW BOOKS.

FOR sale by *MARSH, CAPEN & LYON*, 133 Washington street.

Lives of the Reformers. Biographical notices of twenty-four principal reformers of the 16th century; with a narrative of the reformation of religion. With 24 Portraits.

The Swiss Heiress: or The Bride of Destiny. A tale in two volumes.

Memorials of Mrs Hemans—with Illustrations of her literary character, from her private correspondence. By Henry F. Chorley.

Home: or the Iron Rule—a Domestic story. By Sarah Stickney, Author of 'Poetry of Life,' &c.

Winslow's System of Book-keeping by Double Entry, for retail business. o8

CAPT. MARRYAT'S NEW NOVEL.

MR. MIDSHIPMAN EASY. By the Author of 'Peter Simple.' In two volumes—this day rec'd by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington-st. o8

AGENTS WANTED.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY—any number of active, responsible men, to act as travelling and local Agents, in procuring subscribers for the 'American Magazine,' and selling the bound volumes of the same work, in all parts of the United States.

This is a rare opportunity for energetic young men, as the selling of the two back volumes in connexion with procuring subscribers, will afford double wages. By obtaining five subscribers, and selling five bound volumes, daily, any person will be sure to make THIRTY DOLLARS per week, clear of all expenses. Apply to the subscriber, at Nos 26 & 28 Cornhill, Boston.

NOYES P. HAWES,
Publisher of the American Magazine.
o7 b—gtw

NOTICE.

ALL kinds of New and Old BOOKS bought and sold at *COLMAN'S*, 121 Washington-st. o8

LETTER PAPER.

$2 A REAM, at *COLMAN'S*, 121 Washington-st. o8

NEW ENGRAVINGS.

THE subscriber has removed from No 11 School to 131 Washington-street, next store to Messrs Jones, Lowe & Ball, where he is now opening a very extensive assortment of Engravings, selected by himself, some of them recently imported. His assortment will be found to contain a very great variety of rich Prints, of the English, French and Italian Schools, many of which are beautifully colored.

o7 Mo—g1m D. BUSSELL [?]

REMOVAL. DR. I. BUCKMAN,

RESPECTFULLY informs the Public of Boston and vicinity, that he may be found at No 10 [illegible], opposite the American House. His practice is that of a Surgeon, and [illegible] of Midwifery, as he has paid great attention to those branches; also, in cases of debility, weakness, &c.

Those afflicted with the following, and many other diseases too numerous to mention, may receive great benefit by applying to Dr. I. BUCKMAN, who professes to cure Scrofula, White Swellings, Abscess, Cancers, Fungus, Tumors, Glandular Swellings, [illegible]

Mr B. would say to those who have [illegible]

o8

PROSPECTUS OF THE SELECT MEDICAL LIBRARY.

EDITED by Dr John Bell, M.D. To contain Re-prints of Medical Works by the most celebrated writers. At Colman's.

W. H. S. JORDAN, 121 Washington-st. o8

NATIONAL THEATRE.

OPERA THIS WEEK.

The celebrated Vocalist MISS GRADDON, from Drury Lane, is engaged for a few Nights, and will appear in the character of DIANA VERNON.

MUSICAL CONDUCTOR, MR COMER, who is with great pleasure [illegible] engaged for the Season.

MR J. WILLS Appears as BAILIE NICOL JARVIE, BILLY BARLOW and TERRY O'ROURKE.

MR WILLIAMSON as FRANK OSBALDISTONE

On MONDAY EVENING, Oct 10, 1836,
Will be performed the celebrated Opera called
ROB ROY MACGREGOR,
OR, AULD LANG SYNE!

Rob Roy : : : Mr W. H. Smith
Frank Osbaldistone : : : Mr Williamson
Baillie Nicol Jarvie : : : Mr WILLS
Major Galbraith : : : Mr Comer
Diana Vernon : : : Miss GRADDON
Helen Macgregor : : : Mrs Pelby

After which the Grand Buffo Scene,
BILLY BARLOW, by MR WILLS.

To conclude with the laughable Farce of
THE IRISH TUTOR.
Dr O'Toole : (alias Terry O'Rourke) : Mr WILLS

☞A limited number of SEASON TICKETS may be had by application at the Box Office.

PRICES: Boxes 75 cts; Third Tier 50; Pit 37 1-2; Gallery 25.
*₊*Doors open 1-4 after 6; Performances commence at 1-4 before 7.

NOW EXHIBITING,

FOR two weeks only, at HARDING'S GALLERY, School street, the two original and sublime Paintings, of the Temptation and Expulsion of

ADAM AND EVE,

painted by Dubufe, for the Ex-King Charles the Tenth of France. They have been exhibited in most of the principal cities of the United States, to the lively gratification of 300,000 visitors.

Admittance 25 cents; Season Tickets 50 cents. Doors open from 9 in the morning till 10 at night. Each evening brilliantly illuminated. 2w o8

DR. S. C. HEWETT, BONE-SETTER,

WOULD respectfully inform the public that his profession extends to general diseases of the limbs. During 19 years practice in Boston, he has had the satisfaction of curing Scrofula White Swellings 283; White Swellings from injuries, Rheumatism and Dropsy on the Knee 419; Hip Diseases 367; Tic doloureux and Sciatic affections, &c 341; Dislocations, Fractures, Sprains, Swellings and Inflammations 2066; Natural and Contracted Deformities 523; Curvatures of the Spine 42; Rheumatism 307; Paralytic affections and Loss of Power 260; Numb Palsy 112; besides a variety of similar cases. His charges will not exceed $1,50 a visit. Patients who cannot call on Dr H. he will visit them at their residences. Dr H. will receive visits at his Rooms, 297 Washington street, at all hours.

Dr H. will make charges against all patients; people in low circumstances will be liberally considered. Poor patients can receive advice gratis. eptf o8

WARREN HOUSE,

CORNER OF MERRIMACK AND FRIEND STREETS.

This establishment having now gone through extensive and thorough repairs and additions, will compare with any other public house of its size. It has been furnished from top to bottom with new furniture, bedding, carpeting, &c. and is now open for the accommodation of travellers.

It is the intention to conduct the House after the mode of the most approved public houses, and every effort will be made personally, and by well tried assistants, to please his former custom and those who may visit the Warren House for the first time.

Extensive stables, with pure water, are attached to the establishment. AZARIAH PROCTOR,
J 29 3m

FRESH STATIONARY, &C.

JOHN MARSH, 77 Washington street, Joy's Building, has just received his Fall supply of Foreign Stationary, &c. among which may be had in quantities to the trade: Whatman's English Drawing Papers; Bristol Boards; Tracing Paper; Copying do; Theorem do; Tissue do; Bath Letter and Note do; col'd do do do; Wafers, Sealing Wax, Mouth Glue, Ink, Ink Powders, Writing Fluid, Quills, Steel Pens, Ever-pointed Pencil Cases, Drawing Pencils, blk and white Crayons, gold and bronzed enamelled Visiting Cards, Mathematical Instruments, Tape Measures, Paint Boxes, Cake Colors, India Ink, London made Thermometers, Rodger's Fine Cutlery, elastic and common Stamps, Dissected Maps, Puzzles, Games, Gammon and Chess Boards, &c.

J. M. also offers to the trade, or at retail, Blank Account Books, of his own manufacture, in all the varieties of binding and size; together with all the approved School Books now used in schools and academies throughout the country.

☞Country traders are invited to call.
s30

STOVES.

BADGER & BUTLER, No 8 Union street, have received and offer for sale, a large and extensive assortment of STOVES, GRATES and FIRE FRAMES, of the latest and most approved patterns. The assortment of Stoves consists in part of the following—

Premium, Prophecy, Union and Conical Cook Stoves—Rotary Cook stoves, for wood and coal—Gillcooper Cook Stoves, for wood—Kimball's Patent, for wood and coal—Hess's Patent 4 boiler Cook Stoves, for coal—James's Patent improved, do, do, for wood—Dutcher's small 2 boiler do do, for coal.

6 and 9 plate Stoves—Box Stoves—Church and Parlor Stoves, very handsome patterns—Franklin, Cylinder and Feeder Coal Stoves.

Grates and Fire Frames of all descriptions.

Doric and Minerva Fireplaces.

B. & B. keep constantly on hand a large assortment of Oven Ash and Boiler Doors, and Hollow Ware.

Dealers and others can be supplied on as fair terms as at any [illegible]

DR. BASSETT'S HEPATIC ELIXIR.

FOR the speedy and effectual cure of Indigestion or Dyspepsia, Liver Complaints, Jaundice, Rheumatism Flatulence Cholic, Costiveness.

This invaluable Medicine is prepared from the receipt of an eminent Physician, who has used it for many years with wonderful success for the above complaints;—likewise for Worms, sudden Colds, violent pains in the stomach and bowels,—always giving immediate relief. It is of Eminent service to persons of Bilious habits, in small doses frequently repeated. It cleanses the stomach and bowels, quickens the circulation, warms the habit, and if continued is capable of removing very obstinate obstructions.

In consequence of the frequent calls from almost every quarter for the Hepatic Elixir, and its having been completely effectual in restoring him from a long standing Dyspepsia, which had baffled the skill of the first Physicians, and the effects of a variety of Patent Medicines, the Proprietor of this Elixir has been induced to put it up in bottles with ample directions for its use.

This Elixir is composed wholly of Vegetable substances,—is safe in its operation for the most delicate persons or children.—Hundreds of recommendations could be given if necessary,—but reliance is placed upon its own virtue for a reputation.

Prepared and sold by the Proprietor, ERASTUS S. HOLDEN, corner of Chesnut and Charles streets, and No. 43 Mount Vernon street. Also by William Brown, corner of Washington and Elliot streets; Andrew Geyer, corner of Hanover and Salem streets, and by Joseph M. Moffatt, corner of Chamber and Poplar streets, Boston. 6m June 15

DR. WILLIAM INGALLS, JR.

ROOM AT
NO 8 SOMERSET PLACE.
jy 13 b—g3m

A CARD.

E. SUTTON respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has had his former place of business, 377 Washington street, newly fitted up and re-opened, and now offers for sale, a good assortment of Combs, Jewelry, Fancy Goods, Perfumery, &c. at the lowest cash prices.

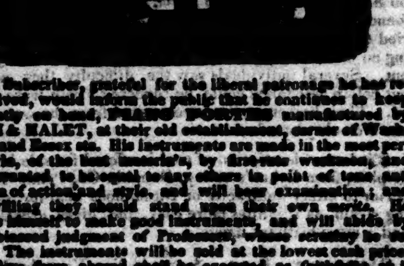
N. B.—Watches, Clocks, &c. repaired and warranted at short notice.

E. S. grateful for past patronage, would respectfully solicit continuance of the favors of his former customers and friends.
june 20 ieop

SINGING SCHOOL.

J. A. BAILEY will open a School for Ladies and Gentlemen desirous of learning the art of Singing, on the 10th inst. in the Vestry of the Church at the corner of Bennett and Salem streets; commencing with the first rudiments of Music; he will have the assistance of a Piano Forte, and trusts he shall be able to give his pupils general satisfaction. The School will be continued on Monday and Thursday evenings.

Tickets for Gentlemen $2; for Ladies $1; to be had at the Bookstore of Light & Stearns, No 1 Cornhill, or at the Vestry.
o8 2w*



THE Subscriber, grateful for the liberal patronage he has received, would inform the public that he continues to keep constantly on hand, PIANO FORTES manufactured by [illegible] & HALET, at their old establishment, corner of Washington and Essex sts. His instruments are made in the most perfect style, of the best materials, [illegible] and are warranted to be equal to any others in point of tone and freedom of action and style, and will bear examination; and he is willing they should stand upon their own merits. He pledges himself to make good instruments, and will abide by the unbiassed judgment of Professors, [illegible]. The instruments will be sold at the lowest cash price. All orders from abroad shall be executed as faithfully as if the person purchasing came to the Factory. The Piano Fortes will be packed so as to be sent to any part of the country in perfect safety. Ladies and gentlemen are invited to [illegible] before they purchase elsewhere.

SILAS ALLEN, JR.

S. A. has now some new patterns, entirely original, of the most superb style and finish, of high [illegible] amateurs of music, who are fond of sweet toned instruments, the Ladies particularly, are invited to call and examine them for a few days, before they are removed from the warerooms.
s17

NEW ENGLAND MUSEUM,

OPEN DAY AND EVENING,
No. 76 COURT STREET.

☞Admittance 25 cents, without distinction of age.

WANTED.

A Part of a house, centrally situated—for a small family. Address W. S. H. at this office. 2w o8

WRITING FLUID.

JUST rec'd and for sale at *MARSH'S*, 77 Washington-st. Joy's Building, a fresh supply of David's celebrated Writing Fluid. s30

LADIES HABIT CLOTHS.

THIS day rec'd by H. L. KNIGHT, 1 case fine Habit Cloths—colors light Blue, Green, Dahlia, Brown, Olive, Mulberry, &c. and for sale very low, at 105 Washington street. o8

NEW WORKS.

MAGICIAN, Campbell's Letters from the South, and other new works, added to the Washington Library, at COLMAN'S. o8

ORATORIO OF THE CREATION.

THE HANDEL & HAYDN SOCIETY will perform the first and second parts of the 'CREATION,' on SUNDAY EVENING, October 9th, commencing at 7 o'clock. Price of Tickets 50 cents, to be had of the Door-keeper.

☞A punctual attendance of the Members and the Orchestra is requested.

₊ Members of the Society entitled to the usual privilege.
o8 J. HILL BEECHER, Sec'y.

THE PARLOR SCRAP BOOK FOR 1837.

CONTAINING thirteen Engravings, with Poetical and other illustrations. Edited by Willis Gaylord Clark. For sale by *MARSH, CAPEN & LYON*,
o8 133 Washington-st.

IMPORTANT TO THE AFFLICTED.

DR. HERBERT, Member of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh, may be consulted on all diseases incident to the human frame. Patients who are incapable from infirmity of attending personally upon Dr H. can by sending a particular statement of their case, be told whether they are curable or not.

'Medicine without principles is an humble Art, and a degrading occupation.'

DR. HERBERT having arrived in America for the purpose of taking a tour through it, and seeing every place he visited so many invalids laboring under different complaints, and so many who have ruined their constitutions by applying to advertised nostrums, respectfully informs the citizens that he has returned to the city of Boston, and intends remaining for the purpose of rendering his services to the afflicted.

Dr H. may be consulted at his apartments, No 276 Washington street, a few doors West of Avon Place, from 10 in the morning till 8 in the evening. The Doctor wishes every person who may need his advice, to make immediate application.

The advantages the Dr has possessed of acquiring a knowledge of different diseases, have been far greater than generally falls to the lot of any individual. From his peculiar mode of treatment, his professional celebrity has been established; and since his arrival in America, gratitude arising from a thousand hearts is and has been a sweet enjoyment.

Report of patients relieved and cured by Dr Herbert since his arrival in the United States: Abscess 6; Asthma (periodical, constitutional and spasmodic) 30; Blindness, from various causes, 16; Dropsy in its complicated stages 26; Fits 21; Fistula without cutting 14; Nervous Disease 100; Piles 18; Rheumatism 40; Stone and Gravel 29; Bilious Disorders 17; Cancer and White Swelling 28; Consumption 10; Deafness 14; Diseases of Infants 20; Giddiness 27; Gout 19; Headache from various causes 35; King's Evil 16; Liver Complaints 11; Lumbago 12; Scurvey 2; Gravel 35; Ulcerated Sore Legs 46; Worms 45; Paralytic Stroke 16; Ague 40. 1m s29

LIGHTNING CONDUCTORS.

DR. KING continues to prepare and affix to buildings his improved Lightning Conductors—they are approved by all practical Electricians, as affording superior protection against Lightning to the old round form. Numbers of scientific gentlemen in Boston and its vicinity, have had them affixed by him to their mansions and other buildings, among them he will name those of President Quincy, Professors Webster and Popkin, of Harvard University, and Gov Lincoln, of Worcester. They are likewise highly recommended by Professor Silliman in his much esteemed lectures on Chemistry, lately delivered in Boston. Gentlemen intending to have Conductors are invited to his rooms No. 54 Cornhill, Boston, where they may see the superior effect, of his rods illustrated. He continues to manufacture and has on hand large Plate Electrical Machines of superior powers, also Cylinders, large and small Galvanic Batteries, Electro Magnets and their apparatus—warranted of the best workmanship. He lately constructed for Professor Silliman the largest Galvanic Deflagrator ever made. Gentlemen arriving in Boston to purchase such articles, would do well to call before they buy. His prices will be accommodating for cash or approved credit.

N. B.—Dr King is not in partnership with any one.
jy 18 6m

BOSTON TRUSS AND SURGICAL INSTRUMENT MANUFACTORY.

J. W. PHELPS,
(SUCCESSOR TO BEATH,)

WOULD inform the public that he has invented a new and useful instrument for Hernia or Rupture, called the ANATOMICAL SELF-REGULATING TRUSS.

This Truss (for which he has the patent secured) ensures perfect ease and safety to the wearer, under every exertion of the body, combining in itself the particular advantages of all other Trusses without their defects. On examination, its beneficial properties will be apparent, it being so constructed that the wearer by the use of a turnscrew, or some other instrument convenient for the purpose, can at any time alter the position of the pad so as to bring it centrically over the part affected. When fixed with the nicety required, it will retain its position always keeping the hernia within its proper boundaries. The cover being removeable can at any time be changed and another put on, thus keeping the parts free from excoriation.

The subscriber also manufactures UMBILICAL PROLAPSUS, and SUSPENSARY TRUSSES; Children's do, of every description, suited to the variety of cases that occur.

Machines for remedying deformities, particularly for crooked or deformed feet. Artificial legs made and warranted to walk with ease. Surgical and Dental Instruments of every description made and repaired. J. W. PHELPS, 63 Court-street.

The subscriber is at liberty to refer to the following eminent Physicians of this city:—

Drs John C. Warren, Dr George Hayward,
Benjamin Shurtleff, Walter Channing,
John Ware, Winslow Lewis,
George C. Shattuck, Edward Reynolds,
D. Humphrey Storer, Marshall S. Perry,
Dr Robbins, of Roxbury.

A 20 eplm

CHEMICAL EMBROCATION,

OR, WHITWELL'S TRUE AND ORIGINAL OPODELDOC. Tests of the only true kind:

1st. See that the certificate of the late Dr Mitchell, L.L.D. of the city of New York, is on the inside direction paper.

2nd. That my name is stamped on the bottle.

3d. That the retail price is not less than 37 1-2 cents a bottle; all others are but base fabrications.

The above may be considered an infallible in bruises, sprains, rheumatism, stings of insects, vegetable poisons, cramps, etc, etc, etc; in a word, in all cases of external injury.

To COUNTRY TRADERS. Dealers in Medicine purchasing this article at the fountain head and at wholesale prices, will find more profit on the sales than on any of the imitations, besides having the satisfaction of selling to their customers the genuine article.

Sold by the principal druggists in the United States, who also keep for sale the VOLATILE AROMATIC SNUFF, for many years celebrated in cases of catarrh, headache, dizziness, dimness of eyesight, drowsiness, lowness of spirits, hypochondria, nervous weakness, etc. It is most fragrant and grateful to the smell, being composed principally from roots and aromatic herbs. It is absolutely necessary for those who watch with, or visit the sick, being an excellent prevention of contagion. Recommended by Dr Waterhouse, late Professor of the Theory and Practice of Physic in Harvard University. Price 50c and 25c.

☞Apply to the Druggist Store, corner of Milk and Bath, opposite Pearl street.

BOSTON ACADEMY,

No. 2 AMORY HALL,
(*Corner of Washington and West Streets.*)
BOOK-KEEPING BY DOUBLE AND SINGLE ENTRY
PENMANSHIP taught on the best principles.
Classes in session, morning, afternoon and evening.

MESSRS. RICHARDSON & STRATTON, in presenting their claims to the public attention, cannot offer any royal or novel system for their patronage, by which bad writers are made accomplished penmen in the course of a few hours or even minutes—they are aware that 'the age of miracles is past, as well as the days of chivalry.' They pretend not to effect any more than science and experience can accomplish—but with those means they hope to impart as much benefit to their pupils, and effect as great improvements as have ever been attained in their profession.

Their system of instruction is intended to combine the two opposite but important advantages, in the mode by which writing is performed—the effective, rapid extension and inflection of the fingers, as well as the movement of the whole arm.

They have concentrated the too generally diffused principles in the most plain and perspicuous form, consistent with the practical advantage of the student; they have endeavored to adopt the 'happy medium' in avoiding the Scylla and Charybdis. The dull, slow progress of the round regime, and the fatal rapidity of the new chain lightning styles. They flatter themselves they can offer to the public some new and ingenious methods for the illustration and tuition of Ornamental Penmanship.

ORNAMENTAL PENMANSHIP, of all descriptions, on reasonable terms.

☞Designs drafted, perpetual Engine and Club Bells, Diplomas, Certificates and Albums executed, and Ornamented.—Cards, &c. written.

TESTIMONIALS.

Testimonials of approbation, etc. have been received from the following gentlemen: Rev W. S. Croswell; Hon H. G. Otis; Rev Dr Sharp; Rev Chas F. Barnard; Rev Dr Tuckerman; Joseph T. Buckingham Esq; G. F. Thayer Esq; Rev J. J. Janeway, D. D.; Rt Rev Bishop Brownell; Hon Thomas Day, Sec. St. Conn; James P. Townsend Esq; Messrs Hanson & Bonner.
jy 14 ly

ROGUERY—IMPORTANT CAUTION.

DR. BRANDRETH'S VEGETABLE UNIVERSAL PILLS having gained great notoriety by the cures they have performed, unprincipled vendors of medicine, finding there is a great call for them, [illegible] have had the audacity to [illegible] the medicine. Now be it known to all men, that Dr. Brandreth's Genuine Vegetable Universal Pills can never be obtained of any vender of medicine, whether druggist or doctor, as neither are allowed to sell the Genuine Brandreth's Vegetable Pills, under any circumstances whatever. ☞Be very careful all ye that want the genuine, and observe, ever when you purchase of the advertised agents, that Dr Brandreth's name is signed on yellow paper which completely envelopes the box.

[From the N. Y. Sun.]

A SHAMEFUL PROCEDURE.—We understand that Dr Brandreth's Pills are counterfeited by a man residing in the vicinity of [illegible] Market. [illegible]

[illegible]

MILK STREET TRUSS MANUFACTORY.

(*Corner of Milk and Bath streets, opposite Pearl st.*)

THE subscriber has always on hand a most extensive assortment of every description of TRUSS ever employed in Europe or America.

[illegible]

CHILDREN'S TRUSSES—A great variety of these are now on hand, calculated for all ages from three months old to manhood.

[illegible]

J. F. WHITWELL.

☞N. B.—Nearly every Truss made in the U. S. may be had [illegible]

BOTTLES.

100 GROSS Wine Bottles for sale by RALPH SMITH,
e10 1m 17 Exchange-st.

[From the Herald.]

THE HOPE OF THE NATIONS.

Men of the States! Trustees of Liberty!
Bright, as the [illegible]
Your land, [illegible]
Be firm [illegible]
For is not [illegible] a higher, holier trust?
And to [illegible]
Admiring [illegible], or in despair deplore
That God hath granted [illegible]
The blessing and the glory to bequeath
To nations, now in their minority
Of Liberty and Law, the priceless dower.
Say, shall the myriad millions yet to breathe,
Be freemen?—or shall tyranny [illegible],
Pronounce equality a maniac's dream?

THE HON. MRS. NORTON.—Among the various manuscripts, &c. brought to light by the late trial of Lord Melbourne, the following passionate, but exquisite verses, said to have been addressed to Mrs Norton by a certain distinguished literary lover, have been considerably circulated in London. They are sent to us by a foreign correspondent, and appear now in print for the first time.—N. Y. Mirror.

WITH A LOCK OF HAIR.

Go to her bosom, my envied curl!
And if the way be cold and wet,
Cling to the bud of liquid pearl,
Whose fragrant warmth breathes o'er you yet.
'Twill swell around each silken ring,
As wine my temples throb'd [illegible],
And, truant! when you closest cling,
Tell her you grew on thoughts of love.

Oh, wildly envied! you will lie
Upon that couch of rosy snow,
While passionately dost will fly
The warm, transparent veins below.
And you will feel the downy swell,
When dreams of love grow wild beneath,
And, truant! as you love me well,
List if in sleep my name she breathes!

Go to my mistress! Softer fingers
Will smooth your tangled tresses now,
And while their lingering pressure lingers,
Will lay you to her lip and brow.
And when amid her fragrant breath,
Each silken fibre fondly stirs,
Oh, truant! tell her until death,
My life, my soul, that thrill to hers?

A MIDSUMMER SONG.

Come back to us, wild one!—turn hither thy feet,
'Tis the season when all the long-parted should meet;
Here's health in the sea-foam, and hope in the sky,
And peace in the song of the streams that go by;
Here's freedom, here's welcome;—believe it no clime
Is fair as our England at Midsummer time.

Come, dwell with us, loved one!—a cottage is ours,
Where lime trees hang heavily laden with flowers,
And the woodbine and rose through thy window shall peep
And breathe o'er thee softly, whilst thou art asleep,
Nor sound, save the old chapel's far distant chimes,
Shall break the light slumbers of Midsummer time.

Come, rest with us, worn one!—and soon from thy brow
Shall pass the harsh shadows that darken it now;
Thou wilt smile to behold our fair children at play
In the fresh steaming heaps of the newly-mown hay:
Hark! hark! how they call thee!—Come home, 'tis a crime,
To linger in cities at Midsummer time!

THE SEA.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

The sea—the broad and billowy deep—
Proclaims Thy master-hand,
Whether its waves in tempests leap,
Or rippling kiss the strand.

'There go the ships!' There [illegible]
Leviathans at play;
And there the tiny nautilus
Holds on his fearless way.

The mighty winds that come and go,
Bear music on their wings,
With which the list'ning earth below,
And heavens high archway rings.

[From the New Yorker.]

A THOUGHT.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF METASTASIO.

The wave divided from the sea
Bathes thirsty vale and mount,
A wanderer in the streamlet free,
A prisoner in the fount.
Ever it moans and murmurs on,
Till mingling with the parent main,
Whence erst its infant life was drawn,
The vagrant wave returns again.
Where, all its tedious errors past,
Endless repose it hopes at last.

MISCELLANY.

LIBERTY—Does it exist? Does the monarch bird, which with expanded wing watches with sleepless eye the progress of our nation, look down upon a proud and free people? Proud indeed it is—but does each breast glow with the inspiration of true freedom? Our orators boast of it—Eloquence swells the theme—Liberty! is heard at the corners of our streets—Liberty! is shouted by congregated multitudes; and the echoes answer, Liberty! Is this reality? Will TRUTH shout with a firm and inspiring voice, pointing to the archives of our confederacy, 'Liberty!' or will she hang her head in solemn silence, leaving the cry to echo alone. REPUBLICANISM—is it more than a name? We execrate the report of monarchy—we talk in scorn of the kingdoms of the other world—we give to our chief magistrate no gew-gaw titles—we put our hands on our hearts, and in proud disdain of the subjects of kings, cry out, 'We are republicans!' Do we honestly discern the distinction—or is a film before our eyes—a deceptive curtain, that shuts out the horrid reality, and leaves us to gloat on fancied security. Were that curtain drawn, would not a grim monster start up and glare upon us, and our sight be clear—and we feel and see chains, close wound about our limbs, and ourselves no better than SLAVES—we will not say to emperors, to kings, to despots—but to OURSELVES!

We have lately read the accounts of the progress of a political candidate through different sections of our country.—This is well. The object of the views of a great number of his citizens, the one nominated and set on a hill, as the man worthy of the confidence and love and [illegible] of a mighty nation—fit to be entrusted with the conduct of the car of government, and sway for a time the destinies of millions—such a one should shew himself to those who would put a holy trust into his hands. There are thousands who wish to see the man for whom they are to deposit their votes—to look on his countenance—watch his manner—hear his words—judge of him as he appears; and therefore is it well that he should greet his fellow citizens, and they may shout for their favorite—hosanna in welcome of his coming—look on him with pride, it may be with emulation—for this is not beneath the DIGNITY OF FREEMEN!

But what do we hear? What foul report swells upon the air! REPUBLICANS—FREEMEN! have taken the horses from the carriage of their political candidate, harnessed the yoke to their own necks, and drawn him like BEASTS thro' the streets! Yes—this, the last evidence of degradation; the blackest insignia of servility, of cringing SLAVERY, has been freely done by the freemen of America! 'Tell it not in Gath! Let it not be heard in the streets of Askelon!'

Were he a benefactor of a nation; were his brows bound with the crown of immortal well doing—and well doing so great, so lofty, that the mortal seemed to have infused into his soul a portion of HEAVEN, were he a WASHINGTON, it might be more excusable. But even then, the blush of shame would mantle our cheek at such a deed, and Honor and Liberty would weep at the pollution of their shrines.

O has it come to this, that self-respect has departed, that the anarchy of PARTY SPIRIT has so corrupted the minds of freemen, that the nice perception of the meaning of Liberty is lost?—that the shadow only remains, the substance has been wasted! Alas for the long continuance of our institutions, if such deeds as the one we have deplored are to be enacted by the sons of men, whose mortified dust is thus dishonored by their children!

We speak not from party feeling—we speak not to make a handle of the deeds of one side to advance the cause of another. Had the same course been pursued towards any other man of any other party, we should have felt and expressed ourself in the same indignant manner. We speak, as an American—as partaking involuntarily in the shame of such a deed!

A young man was drowned in Fresh Pond Sunday morning between nine and ten o'clock, by the upsetting of a boat. His name is James George, of Roxbury. His body was not found at one o'clock. A young man in the boat with him narrowly escaped.—Briggs.

The alarm of fire about half past eleven o'clock on Saturday night last, was occasioned by the roof of one of the Gas buildings at the north part of the city taking fire. It was speedily extinguished.—Briggs.

Capt. Thomas of the Brig Theodore, arrived [illegible] reports that all the regular troops left Cadiz a few days before he sailed for Seville, to put down the revolution at that place, and that the last accounts from Don Carlos represented him and his troops on the march towards Madrid, and that he had arrived within five leagues of that capital.

The gentlemen who went bail for [illegible] in the sum of $60,000, were Messrs. Pierre A. Barker, Samuel H. [illegible], James McKay and Thomas [illegible] of Buffalo, and H. P. Talmadge and John [illegible], Esqrs., of N. York.

A company has lately left Washington, Pa. for Texas.

SPECULATIVE FEVER. [illegible] speculation. It is [illegible] look [illegible] A [illegible] infection [illegible] every one [illegible] high or low. The wise [illegible] could make use of their wisdom to [illegible] advantage.—The simple [illegible] in their simplicity. The rich saw the [illegible] to greater wealth, and the poor had inspiring visions of golden heaps. The high [illegible] their heads up among the highest. Money, money, was the word. Riches seemed to grow on every bush. Bangor lands, Bangor timber, Malleable iron, India Rubber, etc. etc. etc., were in every body's mouth. Every one was to fill his pockets, and [illegible] Alas! where are the speculators now? Half of them, [illegible] eye teeth, are [illegible] paying for dead horses that never were alive. Bangor lands are found to be worth something, but not to be made of solid gold. Malleable Iron is unpliably stiff, India Rubber stock is no longer elastic, [illegible] more than one hundred per cent, and so on to the end of the chapter.

In England there has been about the same degree of fever, as the Edinburg Review states. There are no timber lands there, and speculation has been confined to rail-roads and joint stock companies for various *fancy* ways of making money. To show to what an extent the rage has spread there, the Review states the aggregate capital of one hundred and four joint stock companies in Liverpool and Manchester alone, to be within one or two hundred thousand of *thirty-seven millions of* pounds!

There are companies there for all kinds of things—for coal, for beet root sugar, glass, turpentine, trading to Africa; and there is an Agricultural loan company.

But the climax is capped by BURYING COMPANIES!—Strange as it may seem there are companies for this purpose. The Review says—

'Not a few of the projectors seem to have concluded, and not, perhaps, without some reason, that the ruin which the infallible blowing up of each of their schemes as are carried into effect will certainly entail on a large number of persons, will most likely lead to a considerable increase of mortality, and they have ingeniously determined to make the most, even of this. Hence in Manchester only, no fewer than *six burying companies have been formed*, and there are not many towns of any considerable magnitude in which one or more companies, for the same laudable purpose have not been formed.'

We hope Americans may not be ruined by indulging in this mania, which is certainly spreading in this country.

The price of all sorts of commodities has risen in the same ratio as in this country.

OUR GREAT CITIES. While New York and Boston are progressing in wealth, inhabitants, business and extent, Philadelphia, if we may judge from a long article in one of its papers is rather on the retrograde than the advance. That city, says the writer, was once superior to all others in the Union. Her wealth was notorious, her canvass whitened every port. Now, New York has sped by her—Boston has sped by her—Baltimore is fast beating her in the race. New York has far more shipping, and several lines of packets to various quarters of the Globe, and Boston has extensive fisheries, while Philadelphia has but one line of packets, and her foreign trade has dwindled to a mere nothing. Yet she has advantages for prosperity which render her tardy progress doubly culpable. She lies on a noble river, is not more inland than London, the emporium of the world, and is protected from the storms which sometimes create extensive damage among the shipping of New York and Boston. The difficulty is, she wants the Enterprise which distinguish her rival cities. Her merchants, instead of laboring to amass large fortunes, are content with a comparative little, and retire from business therewith, no longer contributing to the prosperity of their city. Encouragement is not held out to young men to dash boldly onward, but they are repressed and daunted by coldness and want of confidence and kindness.

Such is a picture of Philadelphia—at which we confess ourself surprised. Certainly there can be no want of the requisites for success. Indeed, Philadelphia should be superior to New York. She is more central, and might command the trade of half the West.

However, let Philadelphia be what she may, we have full liberty to rejoice in the success of our own city—our own enterprising Boston. Let them rail as they please about Yankees, Yankee cunning, &c, we will show them before many years what Yankee Enterprise can avail.

An exchange mentions that the names of many of our distinguished men end with on. We have Washington, Jackson, Jefferson, Madison, Hamilton, Clinton, Livingston, Hopkinson, Harrison, Wilkinson, [illegible], Middleton, Fulton, and Houston—also, the three greatest captains of their day, Napoleon, Nelson and Wellington, to whom we may add Abolition Garrison and Thompson, and Wheildon of the Bunker Hill Aurora. *We* cannot conclude the article without modestly hinting that we have heard of another individual whose name ends with on. The reader will perceive that the Editor of the Post is wholly shut out from this distinguished fraternity.

NEW STORE.—Mr Samuel Colman, in conjunction with Messrs W. H. S. Jordan, D. Russell, and Otis Clapp, has taken the store formerly occupied by Messrs. Russell, Shattuck & Co., and has fitted it up very neatly for a variety of business. They will retail all new works, have an extensive Periodical depot, a fine collection of engravings, and the Shakespeare Circulating Library. We wish them success, and doubt not they will succeed.

RISE OF PRICES. So, so—the tonsors have rubbed their chins, looked at the edges of their razors, turned an eye to windward and put up the price of SHAVING, to seven cents! Think of it!

Well, they have a right to charge as well as others, and charging is the order of the day. Newspaper Editors must live on, however, in the same old track, for nobody thinks of their wants. What the poor folks are to do this winter we cannot predict—for the prospect makes us shrug our shoulders. The flour dealers charge ten dollars a barrel, the coal dealers, ten dollars a ton, milkmen eight cents a quart, and barbers, seven cents a shave!

STONE'S MONUMENT. The papers have made a great outcry, because Forrest has erected a monument over the body of J. A. Stone, the cost of which was five hundred dollars. He had better have paid the money to trustees for the use of Stone's children. It would have been a greater honor to the dead, and an advantage to the living.

PRESERVATION. A man in a state of intoxication fell off a precipice eighty feet high at Niagara Falls amongst the rocks. He was taken up badly mangled, but it is thought he will recover. It is said that people who are intoxicated are not so apt to hurt themselves by falling, as persons in a sober condition. Every person would do well, previously to falling a great distance, to get thoroughly drunk.

☞During a storm in Newark, last Friday, the lightning struck a well-pole and bucket. A woman near was not killed, but she was knocked down and the cow which she was milking was seriously injured, and has given no milk since. We have not learned whether the pail was overset, but we hope not, as milk is scarce enough without such a disaster.

CHANGE OF HEART.—A Southern lady, aged 37, has dissolved her connection with the Shakers in order to marry a Mr Benj. Bean aged 27. It is to be hoped they will raise a good crop of Beans.

The New York Sun cautions young ladies against fainting away on horseback. They should [illegible] a soft place to fall upon; a sofa, a cushioned [illegible], or the like.

SAD ACCIDENT. We learn from [illegible] Bulletin that two lads named Wm [illegible] George Forrester, one fifteen and the other seventeen years of age, were drowned on Sunday at [illegible]. They found a boat on the [illegible] and got into it, when the tide carried them some few hundred yards from the shore. Having no oars, they probably became frightened, and jump[ed] out. Several individuals saw the difficulty they were in, but before assistance could be rendered, both were drowned. Their bodies were not recovered from the water until one o'clock yesterday.

☞A new description of coal is offered for sale in Philadelphia, from Lyken's valley, Dauphin Co, Penn. It is superior to either anthracite or Bituminous coal for generating steam, as it ignites more easy, and gives greater heat and a more brilliant flame.

SALVE FOR A BITE.—A man in New York, by the name of John H. Carlisle, has recovered $50 and costs of the owner of a dog, by which he was bitten. It was proved that the plaintiff had irritated the dog, and that the owner had instantly killed him. We would advise all who are bitten by dogs to take satisfaction on the spot, by immediately 'biting the dog back again.'

The Commercial Advertiser of New York charges the Sun with giving a false report respecting an item of news from a Boston paper. In fact, there is not a lie told in Boston, but it is sworn to in New York.

A gentleman a few days ago, had his pocket book stolen while attending church at Dedham.

☞One hundred thousand dollars were subscribed to the Lockport and [illegible] Canal on the first day of opening the books.

BOWERY. Upwards of one hundred persons are thrown out of employment by the conflagration of the Bowery Theatre.

An [illegible] is like a man swinging backwards and forwards with a bag of [illegible] attached to his [illegible].

A Marine Railway and Dry Dock for building and repairing ships of the largest class, is in anticipation at Tubby Hook, on the Hudson River.

[illegible] Cupidity should not lead men to spoil the lines of the unskilful.

EDUCATION IN MATHEMATICS.—We are happy to observe by advertisement [illegible] that Thomas Sherwin, Esq. Sub-master in the English High School, intends [illegible] to teach Mathematics to a class of young gentlemen, one or two evenings in the week. We with pleasure bear our testimony to Mr Sherwin's extraordinary tact in communicating Mathematical knowledge, and impressing it upon the mind, having been heretofore associated with him in the same school. This is an opportunity to obtain thorough knowledge not to be neglected. Inquiry is to be made at [illegible], Pemberton Hill.

LIBEL SUIT.—The New York Sun states that another libel suit was on Tuesday tried in the Circuit Court, before Judge Edwards, in which Nathaniel Carpenter, collector for the N. Y. Daily Advertiser, was plaintiff, and Merrill Coburn, a postmaster in Jefferson County, was defendant.—The jury brought in a sealed verdict of $600 damages and six cents cost. The plaintiff, it seemed, had formerly sued the defendant for a year or two's subscription for the Daily Advertiser, which he had retained in his office for some use, after the subscriber had discontinued it. Afterwards, the defendant had the plaintiff indicted for perjury, on account of certain depositions which he had made during the trial, but the District Attorney stopped the prosecution, deeming the evidence inadequate.

BOSTON, &c.—A correspondent of the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Courier writes that the Athenaeum Gallery this season is not so good as usual. We have generally understood that it was better. He says that no children *play* on the Common, but walk about stiff and pale, in corsets. He says that the drought has made every thing look *red* in the vicinity. Then just hear him talk about the women—'The Boston belles are not (let go my hair) "pretty."—They lack taste, style, symmetry; you see the oddest mixture of incongruous colors, (paired, not matched) in a single dress—without regard to season, comfort, or the complexion of the wearer. A hurried, unsteady gait—the reverse of grace or self-respect;—[Phil. swears there is not a pretty foot down east!] and a miserable mania for *little socials*,—that seems totally at war with the fine intellectual forehead every where observable, and the fair fame of the Literary Emporium. As to the "*gentlemen*," I say—nothing;—to the pale, narrow-chested, stooping *Peter Schemipes*, who palaces through Washington street, I should say, "go to a gymnasium—go!"'

EXTENSIVE FIRE IN NEW YORK. From eighteen to twenty buildings were destroyed by fire, in New York, on Sunday morning last; seven of them were dwelling houses. Attempts had been made to fire the premises several times previously. The fire was in an alley in the vicinity of Coerck and Grand streets.

HORRIBLE. An elderly woman and her grand-child were rescued from a sink in New York, by Constable Hays, on Saturday afternoon. The weight of the woman had broken through the floor of the building and they were immersed so long, that the child barely survived.

REFORM! The Saturday Courier of Philadelphia contains a batch of our conundrums and half a dozen other articles which are *not credited*. By the powers of mud, Mr Courier, you are a big fellow, but we are not afraid of you. Reform your bad habits incontinently, or we will walk into you like a house on fire!

ADAM AND EVE.—The Bangoreans are in a terrible fluster and quarrel, on account of the exhibition of Adam and Eve in a state of nudity in that city. The papers generally assert that there is no harm in looking at such exquisite specimens of art—but the Commercial Advertiser maintains that it is shocking to modesty. The same dispute has arisen in every place in which the pictures have been offered for show. We have not seen them, so cannot express an opinion as to the actual merits of the case.

DREADFUL ACCIDENT.—A dreadful casualty occurred a few days since at York, Pa. A part of the scaffolding gave way in the Methodist Episcopal Chapel now building in that town; by which one man was almost immediately killed, and a number of others very badly wounded and mangled. Two of the workmen were buried beneath a large mass of lumber, but escaped unhurt. The name of the individual killed was John Pieffer. One of the workmen saved himself by springing to the wall as soon as he heard the girder beneath the scaffold giving way.

TEXAS.—Mexican vessels of war are out after Texas pirates. A Mexican paper contradicts the assertion expressed [illegible] turned from Santa Anna; [illegible] should the Texans dare to injure him, it would be the signal for their instant destruction. The besom of annihilation would sweep over all Texas—an infuriated people would take dreadful revenge—and nought more be heard of the audacious rebels.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery company, on Monday last, partook of the elegant hospitality of our Commander in Chief, at his seat in Charlestown; after which they visited Bunker Hill. Whether they saw the monument or not, we have not learned; if so, it must have been the *foot*, as the top is not visible to the naked eye. Among the whole number present, no one could adopt the language of the late Boston Cato, and say, 'Here is the spot on which I fought, bled and died.'

MELANCHOLY.—The Wheeling Gazette of the 20th inst. says that when the steamboat Home, with the President on board, touched at Portsmouth, Ohio, a salute was to be fired. But the gun was discharged prematurely, and four persons were instantly killed, and two severely wounded.

There is an oak in the forest of Cerisy, Normandy, that was dropped in the form of an acorn from its parent tree before the time when William the Conqueror reigned. It is 900 years of age. Its hollow trunk will contain fourteen or fifteen persons.

Noah Webster complains that many of his *Spelling Books* now in circulation are spurious. We wonder if the one compiled by *Aaron Ely*, of New York, is spurious. More anon.

FIRE-BALL. The Canadian, a Colonial newspaper says that a letter had been received from St Anne, stating that on Sunday, 11th inst, about half past nine P. M. a luminous meteor, of extraordinary size, was seen in that parish. It was of a deep red color, and appeared to be of the dimensions of about three feet by one.

BREACH OF PROMISE. Josiah Caldart has been mulcted in $150 damages and costs, at Pinckneyville, Ill. for promising to marry an amiable young woman named Mary Davenport, and afterwards refusing. The cold-hearted lover forked over the cash, and declared that 'it was cheap enough at double the money!' He was about to join himself for life to a proprietress of 20,000 acres.

The New York Sun says that seven thousand dogs have been made to *bite the dust*, in that city. The dogs in New York must be a very ferocious set to bite at that rate.

ACCIDENT. A man had both feet cut off by the Patterson rail-road cars. He attempted to jump from a car and fell. This dangerous custom of jumping from the cars has been sufficiently deprecated. We wonder that men are so rash as to continue the practice.

☞We understand that the great cabbage—twenty feet in circumference—which was presented to the editor of the editor of the Washington Metropolitan, is to be cooked for the delegates of all religious societies when they meet to devise a plan for uniting all denominations into one.

EARTH APPLES. A story is going about that a chap in the country offered to pay the parson the potatoes for marrying him. We know not what could have put this idea into his head, unless the village bells were *pealing* on his wedding day.

At a late militia training in Standish, Maine, Thomas West and John Smith had some words together when the former stabbed the latter several times in the arm near the shoulder. Fears are entertained that the wounds are mortal.

FRIENDSHIP. Never forgive the first breach of friendship. One unkind action in a pretended friend is always the prelude to more. The wise man suffers not himself to be deceived twice.

A New York paper says the high price of coal is owing to the want of miners, and the high wages demanded by those that work. The true cause is easier spoken in one word—*Monopoly*.

☞We perceive by our exchanges that snow is falling all around us. We are glad to perceive that something is falling, as every other article is on the rise.

THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE.—This corps paraded yesterday afternoon, and marched to Charlestown to visit the Governor by invitation. They enjoyed the Governor's hospitality, and heard from him a fine speech of some [illegible] relating to military affairs. The Governor is a great friend to our militia, and is doing all in his power to raise its character.

☞The Family [illegible] says that—
'In Adam's fall,
We sinned all.'

COAL. There arrived at this port on Saturday, 460 tons Newcastle, 375 Schuylkill, and 87 chaldrons Cape Breton coal, and on Sunday 1064 tons more of Schuylkill.—Transcript.

The Catskill Mountains are covered with snow. There was a fall of snow at Utica on the 20th ult. which covered the ground.

[illegible] disagreement between the army, the people and the cabinet, have been reconciled. [illegible] to Santa Anna [illegible] and that Santa Anna and Almonte, since the discovery, have been put in irons.

Officers of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, elected at the meeting held October 1.

President, Hon Elijah Vose, Dorchester; Vice Presidents, E. Bartlett, Roxbury, Jonathan Winship, Brighton, Samuel A. Shurtleff, Boston, John Prince, Roxbury; Treasurer, William Worthington, Dorchester; Corresponding Secretary, Robert Treat Paine, Boston; Recording Secretary, Ezra Weston, Jr. Boston.

NAVAL. The U. S. Sloop of War St Louis, Lieutenant Ward, arrived at Pensacola on the 12th ult, from a cruise.

The U. S. Sloop of War Boston had dropped down to the Navy Yard, preparatory to sailing on a cruise.

The ringleaders of the Cambridge gamblers and rioters, Robinson, Nelson, and Kingsbury, pleaded guilty last Saturday, at the Common pleas, held in this town, and were sentenced as follows; Robinson to five days solitary, and nine months—and Nelson and Kingsbury severally, to two days solitary and four months imprisonment in the House of Correction.—*Concord Freeman.*

EDITORIAL FRISKINESS—*interesting to the profession.*—We understand that one of the Editors of Boston, a married man too, is at present attending a dancing school. For what particular purpose he is learning to *take steps*, or acquiring *suppleness and pliability*, we know not. We shan't tell who it is.

EASTERN RAIL ROAD.—A large meeting has been held in Salem to determine the location of the Railroad Depot. The meeting was addressed by several gentlemen, among whom was Col. Fessenden the Engineer, advising a depot in the heart of the city, without any decision the meeting was adjourned.

The great race at Louisville between Kentucky and Tennessee, has terminated in favor of the former. Two *hundred thousand dollars* changed hands on the result, and the owner of the Tennessee horse is reported to have lost the trifling sum of $40,000.

HONORABLE OPPOSITION.—Some vagabonds who had gained admittance into the Governor's room in New York, while General Harrison was holding audience there, showed their zeal for the good cause by defacing the frame which contains the portrait of our chief magistrate. How magnanimous!

Commodore Jewett, of the Brazilian Navy, was run down in New York by a careless cartman, and so much injured that his situation is quite dangerous.

ACCIDENT.—A part of the wall remaining after the fire in Duane street, fell on Friday afternoon, and injured several of the laborers employed in removing the rubbish.

ADVICE TO THE BANGOREANS.—Neighbor Gilman says under date of Sept. 29, that Eaton will appear in the play of 'A New Way to Pay Old Debts;' and gives this piece of excellent advice to his fellow-townsmen, 'It may be of advantage just now, to drop in, and see how the thing is to be done.' We are glad to find our friend of the Bangorean so well disposed, and 'from this moment, we do build a better hope upon him.'

NOT HEARD OF.—On Monday of last week, three boys took a boat at Portland for the purpose of sailing out on an excursion. It was quite squally on Monday, and no tidings of the lads has as yet been received—but a boat was picked up adrift. The oldest lad was but 16.

ABSENCE OF MIND.—The latest case is that of a loafer who went into a neighbor's house, and intending to kiss the child, fell to kissing its mother. He did not discover his mistake until the young woman's husband entered the house.

Never associate with a betrayer of secrets, whatever may be his claims upon your regard, in other respects. Never confide a second secret to him who has betrayed one. The plea of conscience is a miserable excuse, for conscience can never sanction bad faith.

DISTINGUISHED ARRIVALS.—The bears have become so tame in the neighborhood of Trois Rivieres, L. C., as to enter the town. One large black fellow was lately seen parading through the streets, and inquiring the way to the best hotel.

UNDERSTANDING AN OATH.—Gilbert Gurney tells a good story of a witness who was asked if he knew the nature of an oath.

'Yes, I doose,' was the answer.

'Explain it then,' said the lawyer.

'You be d—d,' replied the witness, 'that's a hoath, an't it?'

The Texan schooner of war Terrible is commanded by Randolph, formerly of the U. S. Navy who insulted President Jackson, three years since on board a steamboat on the Potomac.

FRICTION MATCHES. [illegible] commending a prime article of this kind, for sale by Lewis & Co, State street.

TURN OUT EXTRA. The Lowell Factory Girls have had another turn out. It was occasioned by their wages having been reduced twelve and a half cents per week—or rather because the Companies have increased the price of board so as to produce that effect.

☞Rev. A. A. Livermore, a graduate of Cambridge Theological School of the present year, has accepted the invitation of a Society in Keene, N. H., to become their pastor.

☞A fellow by the name of Young, was brought before the Police in New York, together with his clerk, for ill-treating a female who went into his store to purchase a shawl.

A writer in the New Yorker says—'Give us the old-fashioned way of celebrating a village wedding.' Yes, give us the old fashioned way of celebrating a village wedding.

SERIOUS REFLECTIONS. Notwithstanding the shortness of our earthly pilgrimage, and the astounding fact that millions——pshaw! we've forgot what we were going to say.

☞In the corps that visited His Excellency on Monday, were seen, one or more men apparently about twenty-one years of age. Query—Do such come under the term *ancient* or *honorable*?

C. H. EATON.—The Bangoreans are in raptures with the acting of this our fellow townsman. He played Richard last evening for his benefit, and gave his excellent imitations.

There is a report in Philadelphia that N. P. Willis is about to fight a duel with a prig of Philadelphia.

The Library belonging to Messrs Colman and Co, is not the Shakspeare, as we stated yesterday, but the Washington Library.

The Lowell Courier says that O'Connell, the tattooed man, is exhibiting with good success in that town.

Small boys are anxious for a beard—those of larger growth for whiskers.

Benjamin P. Williams of Roxbury, has been chosen Superintendent of the House of Industry at South Boston

The New York Sun says that his suit with Webb is postponed; and complains of it. Be patient, neighbor Sun for you have no cause to regret the delay.

FATAL ACCIDENT. James Taber of New York, a very deserving young man, only twenty years of age, was so severely injured by a fall from his cart, that he expired on Saturday.

IMPORTANT TO GEESE.—The New York Sun says that notwithstanding the immense number of steel pens manufactured, quills are in as great demand as ever.

The Gloucester Telegraph says—'Nobody in Boston now believes the story of the robbery at the Odeon on Tuesday of last week; but still Mr King *may* have been robbed.'

Snow has already fallen at Dover, N. H., and in Ashby, Mass. 'What a fall is there, my countrymen!'

'This is a very *raw* day,' said one of Bass's neighbors to him, on a chill November morning—'Zounds! did you ever know one that was *cooked*?' said the old joker.

In the moment of passion, men are liable to speak the truth. Some men are honest only when they are drunk.

Seven hundred barrels of corn were lately destroyed by fire at Elizabeth city, N. C.

Pipe clay is said to be a good substitute for common soap.

The trunk of a lady passenger in the Steamer Portland, for Portland, on Friday, was broken open, and a cloak and a shawl were stolen.

A negro in New York, who was in the hands of a watchman, bit the Charley severely. He was, however, subdued, before the watchman was quite 'chawed up.'

Two men were bitten in Newark, lately, by a dog supposed to be mad.

WILLS at the National comes nearer Reeve, than any comedian we ever saw.

After a mature deliberation of the subject, we have come to the conclusion that the Editor of the Transcript is no great things.

The President of the United States arrived at Washington on Saturday morning.

Dr Mott is charged with being connected with Swaim's Panacea.

ISTORIA.—Irving's new work with this title is forthcoming.

Thirteen thousand Creeks arrived within fifteen days at Columbus, Geo.

Lady Blessington calls tedious visitors *stay makers*.

[illegible] is discovered, and the thieves are found to be allied to head quarters. Roguery is not now confined to systematic sharpers, but every one plays it when he can obtain a fair opportunity. [illegible] By the amended statutes, a man may compound a felony and be liberated. He has only to restore the stolen property, and satisfy the injured parties, and then, provided he pays the costs, he may go free, and is abroad unpunished—to skulk round in corners and again deceive the unsuspecting. There never was a more unjust iniquitous regulation. There could be nothing invented by our rulers which would sooner lead those who would like to be dishonest if they could be so undiscovered, to quit the paths of virtue and prey upon their fellows. We marvel that the committee who prepared the revised Statutes, and the Legislature who approved them should have consented to this act. We cannot conceive what are the arguments for its formation. Our Courts of Justice should not be the arena for chicanery. Justice should not be made a matter of barter. But such is the effect of the present system. One Dr Wilson of this city was lately arraigned on several indictments for obtaining goods on false pretences. He obtained a postponement of trial from day to day, and in the mean time his wife went about among the individuals whom he had wronged, and by dint of prayers, and tears, and persuasions, prevailed on them to consent to his release. So she paid the costs of court, and now Dr Wilson may seat himself down somewhere under another name, and pillage to his heart's content. We don't understand how this satisfies justice—but the framers of the law may have good reasons for making it.

If there is any true mark of a narrow mind, it is a disposition to condemn every habit and custom to which we have not been used. Every nation, every class of people—nay, every man—has his own peculiar failing. Let us not suppose that we are faultless because our faults are different from those of our neighbors. The advantages derived from travel rest, mainly, on the fact that we learn to estimate the excellencies of foreign institutions and customs; while, at the same time, we discover that whatever vices may be peculiar to other nations, we are abundantly able to match them at home. Mere chimney-corner patriotism is not worth much. All men are brothers, and there is no reason that 'mountains should make enemies of nations,' or that one class of men should suppose they possess 'all the respectability, all the virtue, and all the decency.'

MUNICIPAL COURT. The following prisoners, indicted at the present term, were arraigned on Wednesday:—

Wm H. Seaver, Charles White, William Elder, John Davis—for Riot, beating constables, and rescuing a prisoner. Severally pleaded not guilty.

Charles White and Wm Elder, for assaulting B. J. Gilbert. Plea not guilty.

Jane Holmes, on two indictments for larceny. Plea not guilty.

E. G. Richardson, larceny. Plea guilty.

John O. Riley, assault and battery on Mr McCloud, a watchman. Plea not guilty; and also for assaulting Mr Stratton, a watchman. Plea not guilty.

J. H. Severton, on three indictments for cheating Henry L. Daggett, Messrs Farlow, Gilson and Livermore, and Clement Willis, by means of false pretences. Plea not guilty on each indictment.

Aaron Whitten alias James Hammond, for larceny on three indictments from D. Bartlett, J. Goodnow and D. L. Wheeler. Plea not guilty on each.

Charles H. Weston, larceny in a shop. Plea not guilty.

The Grand Jury have found twenty-two bills of indictment this term; the trials commence tomorrow morning.—*Mer. Jour.*

HORRID MURDER.—We learn that a horrid murder took place at Winsborough, Fairfield District, S. C., on the 12th inst. Major Hugh Barkley, Sheriff of the District, was called on to arrest two individuals, named Baily and Archibald Hemings, who were behaving riotously in the piazza of one M'Masters, whom they went there to assault; and while in the act of discharging his official duty, he was stabbed with a dirk knife by Baily Heming. The knife entered the lower part of the abdomen, near one thigh, severing the femoral or some other important artery; and the blood forced its passage into the scrotum, and distended it to an enormous size. The wound extended to the cavity of the body, in which a deposite of blood was afterwards discovered. The day after the occurrence, the scrotum was split open, and the clotted blood extracted by processes, tedious and painful. On the evening of the 19th the unfortunate man died, after having suffered excruciating torture. Major Barkley was the keeper of an excellent public house in Winsborough, and was a public spirited and enterprising citizen, and a most estimable man—and has left a wife in a state of pregnancy, and seven sons and one daughter, all minors, to deplore his untimely end. The Hemings are represented as men of ruffianly character—they have been arrested and committed to jail.

SALE OF HAMBLIN'S FURNITURE. This day Mr Hamblin will offer all his household furniture at auction, at No 71 Bowery. The disastrous fire which destroyed all his means of support, has driven him to this *dernier resort*—but it is a noble act, and one which we hope will result to his ultimate advantage.

[illegible] COLLEGE. The commencement of this ancient institution took place [illegible] Sixty six students of the senior class received the degree of A. B. The degree of LL.D. was conferred on the Hon Stevenson Archer of Md; that of D.D. on the Rev John Witherspoon, of Camden, S. C.

The quantity of salt manufactured at Syracuse during the last year, was over 3,000,000 of bushels, besides coarse salt, which is of no small moment.

ACCIDENT. A young man named Peter I. Stout was drowned in the Delaware river. He fell off the bowsprit of the sail-boat Eliza Little. His body has not yet been found.

The Philadelphia Public Ledger is very decidedly opposed to Dr Williams, the oculist. As the Post is a friend to the Ledger, we presume he will copy largely. We forbear to anticipate.

A HANGING MATTER. Sentence of death has been passed on Davis Work for the murder of Christopher Hocker. The worst piece of *work* he has ever done. He is to be executed in Somerset on Friday, the 14th inst.

UNION STREET.—The figures in Union street, exhibited by Mr Smith, are still on hand. Among the many exhibitions now produced in the city, we regard the wax figures as one of the best. Mr Smith's room continues to be the resort of many of our citizens. Strangers should not leave the city before calling. Mr Smith is ready to explain to his customers between 8 and 9 every evening every material fact connected with the exhibition.

We perceive that some of our exchange papers are trying to make out that *our wandering piper* is *the* counterfeit. Why may not the English piper be the counterfeit, and ours the real Simon Pure? The newly heard of gentleman in England is the last one on the stage, and every one knows that genuine bills are always issued previously to the appearance of the counterfeits.

The Post has had a great deal to say, lately, about sickly and sentimental writing. By the by, neighbor Greene will be arraigned on such a charge. The only sentiment of which he is capable has been already exemplified in disinterested *blanks and twine*.

THE SOUTH. An exchange says that Charleston is free of the Cholera, and that New Orleans is quite healthy, adding, that 'there is now little or no danger for our northern citizens to go South on business.' That being the case Mr Garrison had better send on an agent to get subscribers for his paper.

ADMIRATION!—The Public Ledger says that there is a re-emission of counterfeit $5 bills on the Hartford Bank, and that they are *admirably* done.

HACK. Joseph Jackson obtained a verdict of $75 from Nathaniel George, a hack driver in New York, for injuries sustained by his wife, who was run against by a hack, and confined for a month in consequence of the accident.

DOG BUSINESS. Dog killing goes on in New York as briskly as ever. Eight thousand and thirty-seven have been killed.

LOOK OUT FOR THIEVES. On Saturday evening, about seven o'clock, a house in Poplar street was entered by some person, and a valuable mahogany workbox, with its contents, was taken from the front parlor. The family were at the time in another part of the house. The thief had the politeness to leave many valuable articles in the room untouched, and left the front door open when he went out.—*Mer Jour.*

WINTHROP BANK, ROXBURY. At a meeting of the Stockholders of the Winthrop Bank yesterday, the following gentlemen were unanimously re-elected Directors: John J. Clarke, Edward W. Bradley, John Heath, William Bacon, Samuel Knower, Joseph W. Tucker, Benjamin F. Campbell, Isaac H. Carey. At a subsequent meeting of the Directors, John J. Clark was unanimously re-elected President.

STOLEN MONEY FOUND. It will be recollected that some two weeks since, the steamboat Rhode Island, on her passage from New York to Providence, was robbed of $20,000 in foreign gold, belonging to the Fulton Bank of Boston. No trace of it could be discovered until last night, when the engineer of the steamboat in drawing some oil from a large can in which it was held, found the faucet stopped, and on opening the can to discover the cause, found in it the bag containing the whole of the gold, sewed up securely in another bag. The gold had no doubt been deposited in the oil can until the thief found an opportunity for its removal.

An extract of a letter dated New Orleans, September 17th, to the editor of the Journal of Commerce, says—'It becomes my painful duty to inform you that on the 16th day of August (on second day out for New York,) Mr R. R. Swan, a cabin passenger in the Kentucky, jumped overboard in a fit of derangement and was drowned. There was but little wind at the time, but a strong head sea, and he sank alongside before any assistance could be afforded.'

BANK DIRECTORS.—The following gentlemen were chosen Bank Directors on Monday last:—

North Bank—John W. Trull, (President,) Oliver Eldredge, James Davis, Elijah Williams, Jr, Calvin Washburn, Isaiah Bangs, Henry D. Gray, A. H. Fiske, I. T. Hayward, James Weld, H. B. Humphrey.

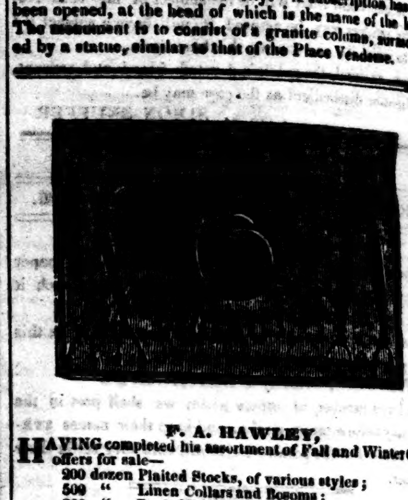
Charles River Bank, Cambridge—Levi Farwell, Simon Greenleaf, Ashael Stearns, Charles C. Little, Wm Brown, Oliver Hastings, Wm Watriss, Edward Brown, Jr. Jacob H. Bates.

People's Bank, Roxbury—Elijah Lewis, Ebenezer Crafts, Samuel Guild, Newel Withington, Aaron D. Williams, Chester Guild, Benjamin Weld, Shubael Bills, Joseph H. Billings. Samuel J. Gardner and Gardner Brewer declined a re-election.

LATE FROM FLORIDA.—From two official letters received at the War Department, it is perceived that Gov. Call has taken command of the Florida forces, and that General Jessup is to act under him. The line of march of a brigade 1400 strong, with 1000 Floridians, 800 regulars, and 500 Indians, under Gen. Armstrong, was to have been taken up on the 10th ult. The Gov. says he hopes to meet the enemy before the first of October.

SANTA ANNA.—The New Orleans Bee has information that in consequence of the recent attempt to abduct Santa Anna, he and Almonte have been put in irons, and free communication with them interdicted; also, that the captive President made an effort to destroy himself by taking a dose of opium, but it produced only nausea.

The department of Corsica has obtained from the French government permission to erect a monument to the memory of Napoleon in his native city. A subscription has also been opened, at the head of which is the name of the king. The monument is to consist of a granite column, surmounted by a statue, similar to that of the Place Vendome.



F. A. HAWLEY,

HAVING completed his assortment of Fall and Winter Goods, offers for sale—
200 dozen Plaited Stocks, of various styles;
500 " Linen Collars and Bosoms;
200 " Buck Mitts and Gloves;
100 " Fur Lined Gloves, different kinds;
100 " Stock Frames;
150 " India Rubber and other Braces;
Also, a large quantity of the various kinds of Flannels, Woollen Gloves, Umbrellas, Cravat Pads, Pantaloon Straps, Satins and Bombazines, at HAWLEY'S Stock Factory and Furnishing Store, No 6 Elm street, Boston.
s10

ALBUMS,

OF every description, constantly for sale by
MARSH, CAPEN & LYON,
133 Washington street.

J. W. CARTER,

DEALER in Wines and Liquors, W. I. Goods, Butter Cheese, Fruit, Flour, &c. wholesale and retail, Broomfield street, near the Broomfield House.
Bottled Porter, Ale and Cider, at wholesale; Roasted and Ground Coffee.
He also offers for sale a large Spring stock of Refined CIDER, by the barrel or in bottles, as low as it can be bought in the city.
☞Sent to any part of the city free of expense

TO BUILDERS AND CONTRACTORS.

THE 'MAINE QUARRYING ASSOCIATION,' incorporated with a capital of 300,000 dollars, are prepared to execute orders for any dimensions and quantity of Granite from the Kennebunkport, United States Quarry. Application may be made to *John Neal, Daniel Winslow, Franklin Tinkham* at Portland—*John Kimball* at Boston—*Thomas Cocks & Co.* at New York, or to *John Kingsbury*, at the Quarry tf may 24

NEW EDITION.

PHYSICAL Theory of Another Life. By the Author of Natural History of Enthusiasm. For sale by
MARSH, CAPEN & LYON,
o1 133 Washington street.

NEW SHAWLS JUST RECEIVED.

A LARGE assortment of Merino, Cashmere, Highland and Glascow filled Shawls. The Highland Plaid Shawls are large, best quality, and handsome patterns. The Merinos, black, white and red, of Heneguin's best manufacture, and large size. Selling cheap, at WHITE'S,
s24 ep3t 45 Hanover-st.

NEW BOOK.

AN Argument for the Truth of Christianity, in a series of Discourses. By J. D. Williamson, Albany, N. Y. For sale by
MARSH, CAPEN & LYON,
s24 133 Washington-st.

NEW TREATISE ON CATTLE.

A TREATISE on the Breeds, Management and Diseases of Cattle, published under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge—for sale by
MARSH, CAPEN & LYON,
o1 133 Washington-st.

PRINTING MATERIALS FOR SALE.

FONTS of Pica; Small Pica; Long Primer; Bourgeois; Brevier; Minion; Nonpariel; 20 line Pica; 14 do; 12 do; 10 do; 8 do; 6 do; 5 do; 4 do; &c, &c, not half worn, and are offered low. Old Type will be taken in payment.
Also, Chases; Brass and Wooden Galleys; Type Cases; Column Rules; Pressing Papers, and other materials. Apply to
I. R. BUTTS,
No 2 School-st.
Also, for sale, a *Printing Office*, well supplied with work. The Materials at *Auction prices.* h—gtf

NEW BOOKSTORE.
COLMAN'S LITERARY ROOMS,
121 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

SAMUEL COLMAN having purchased the Miscellaneous Stock and Stand recently owned and occupied by Russell, Shattuck & Co, begs leave to submit his intention to establish a general bookstore, to open this day, under the above title, comprising as follows, viz:
I. Professional, Standard and Miscellaneous Books, American and Foreign.
II. London and American Annuals, Illustrated Works, &c. &c.
III. English and Foreign Classics, for Colleges and High Schools. Books, &c., for common schools.
IV. American and English Stationary, comprising every useful article; among which are Ivory surface and Gilt Visiting Cards, Colored and White Letter and Cap Paper, Lead Pencils and ever pointed Leads, Wafers, Sealing Wax, Superior Ink, Quills, Steel Pens, Port Folios, Wallets, Pocket Books, Indelible Ink, which needs no preparation, &c, &c.
V. A valuable and extensive Depository (from H. S. Tanner) for the sale of Maps, Atlases, Guide Books for Travellers, &c, &c, at the lowest prices.
VI. A Periodical Agency for American and English publications, comprising Subscription Books and Periodicals of every description, conducted by W. H. S. JORDAN.
VII. The Washington Circulating Library, containing about 5000 volumes, and constantly increasing, by the addition of all new works. New Jerusalem Magazine, Price $2,50 a year. Agency for Swedenborg's Writings, and New Church Books, under direction of OTIS CLAPP.
VIII. The Artists' Repository, for the sale of Oil Paintings, Fine Colored Engravings, &c, &c.
IX. Engraving and Copperplate Printing of Address, and Business Cards in all their variety. This Department, together with the Artists' Repository, will be under the special superintendence of D. RUSSELL.
☞Strangers visiting the city of Boston, and the public generally are respectfully invited to the above establishment by the Proprietors.
SAMUEL COLMAN,
W. H. S. JORDAN,
OTIS CLAPP,
D. RUSSELL.
Social and Private Libraries supplied at the lowest prices.

CARD.—The undersigned have relinquished the retail business store, 121 Washington street, and transferred their Miscellaneous stock to Mr Samuel Colman, who will continue the business—they take this occasion to recommend his establishment to their friends and customers.
RUSSELL, SHATTUCK & CO.
Boston, Oct 4, 1836. o5

PRINTING PRESSES.

A GENERAL assortment of Tuft's and other Presses, new and second hand, and of all prices and sizes, may be found on application to the Boston Type and Stereotype Foundry, 30 Congress street. Orders for the above or other Printing Materials, addressed to the Agent, J. G. ROGERS, will receive prompt attention.
The Foundry have the Agency of Prout's famous PRINTING INK, and are constantly supplied with all qualities and colors, from 30c to $2,50 pr lb. 2m s9

SEARS' AMERICAN HYGIENE VEGETABLE RENOVATING PILLS.
OFFICE 4 1-2 ANN STREET, NEW YORK.

WILLIAM SEARS, author of these Pills, would most respectfully announce, that, for nearly two years, the efficacy of these Pills has been abundantly tested in the city of New York, and in many parts of the country, and not an instance has to his knowledge occurred, in which they have not had a salutary effect, and in many cases they have proved very efficacious. They are not offered as an infallible remedy for all diseases, but they are with the utmost confidence offered, as being peculiarly efficacious in Dyspepsia, Liver Complaints, and all diseases occasioned by bilious affections, a disordered state of the stomach and bowels, impurities of the blood, or obstructions of any of the natural secretions. They contain but two ingredients, both vegetable, and the principal one is an extract found by himself, from the leaves and flowers of a vegetable found only in this country. They have been the result of his own sufferings, searches and experience, occasioned by the unusual sufferings from Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, for more than thirty years. Having had great experience by the use of these Pills in his own case, and in many others, he can with the greatest confidence assure the public that they do possess all the medical properties attributed to them, and that they cannot fail of having a salutary effect in all those diseases above referred to, and, as a family medicine, suitable for both sexes on all occasions of indisposition, and for habitual costiveness they are not surpassed by any medicine. Circulars giving a more general description of their medical properties, and containing reference and certificates relating to the character of the author, and numerous certificates of the good effects of the medicine, may be gratuitously obtained at the Drug Store of SETH W. FOWLE, 33 Prince street, Boston, who is appointed sole agent for the distribution of these pills in Boston and throughout this section of the country.
These pills are for sale in Boston, by I. P. HALL, Union-st. WM. C. STIMPSON & CO, south side of Faneuil Hall. JAMES FOWLE, Green-st. J. T. BROWN, Washington-st. CORDWELL, Roxbury. S. KIDDER & CO, Charlestown.
A 6 6m